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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume LXVIII. }

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{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CLXXXIII.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

A HOLIDAY SONNET.

NORWAY, AUGUST 18TH, 1889.

ONE week, a thousand chimneys belching
night

Above the throbbing of a thousand mills:
Next week, deep hidden 'neath the tower-
ing hills,

A far-off northern valley, pure and bright.
Along the margin of each scarp'd height
The blue-tipped glacier overlaps, and fills
A thousand gullies with his tribute rills
To the blue river in its seaward flight.

And it is well: for here I fain would seek
Fresh communings with Nature's finer
moods,

And listen as her silent voices speak
Their secrets in the soul's rare solitudes:
Lest toil, unresting, dim the light above,
And narrow down God's amplitude of love.
Spectator. W. W. W.

"A PARTING."

(AFTER SULLY PRUDHOMME.)

WHY, no, I should not have told you, dear,
But I could not keep back one traitor tear,
It has fallen, — see, on your little hand, —
So the burning confession is written clear,
In letters you cannot but understand.

And our laughter, and dancing of footsteps
fleet
Are gone with the joy of the springtide sweet;
I tremble, — your blushes come and go, —
We cannot meet as we used to meet,
We cannot be friends as of old, I know.

But perhaps our hearts, in their love new-born
(Like two birds in their nest in that pale pink
thorn),

Have their wings still weak, and their songs
unsung;
For fear they should fly on the morrow morn,
Oh! tear them asunder, they still are young!

Oh! part them ere ever they learn to fly,
Lest in some dark future, — like you and I, —
They may hunger and yearn for each other
again;

And through dreary vistas of earth and sky,
Go wearily seeking, — in vain, in vain!

FLORENCE HENNIKER.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"AN APPEAL."

(AFTER SULLY PRUDHOMME.)

AH! could you see me weep in anguish sore
By the sad hearth I dare not call a home,
Sometimes, I think, dear one, before my door
Would you not come?

Could you but guess my joy when your eyes
meet

My wearied eyes in one divinest glance,
Up at my window you would look, my sweet,
As if by chance.

If to my wounded heart you knew the balm
Of sympathy, and love that has no guile,
Under my porch, — a sister sweet and calm,
You'd rest awhile.

Ah! darling, if you knew I loved, and how,
A love so great and pure your love must
win,
Perhaps you'd lift the latch, — yes, even now,
And come within!

FLORENCE HENNIKER.

Blackwood's Magazine.

HONOR VICTIS.

No need to sing of him who wielded well
The arms enchanted, and the charmed
blade,
Wherewith he smote the dragon of the fell,
Far in a den of sun-forbidding shade —
His were the hoarded treasure, and the
maid.
The task was mighty, and the meed was
high:
Inviolable of time, his glory shall not die!

Yet what of all the fallen ere he came,
Who had no spell-wrought panoply to bear,
Who met the monster, and the breathed
flame,
In simple strength, taught of their souls to
dare —
Their bones are whitening all the twilight
lair!
For these, for these, the unremembered
dead,
Are there no sighs to give? Are there no
tears to shed?

Cornhill Magazine.

THE EBB OF THE TIDE.

LEAVING its foam, its driftwood, on the sand.
The weary tide retreats — receding slow,
As though it would resist the Almighty hand
That draws it from the land.

Deep rest has fallen round me; but I know
That in far other hollow clefts and caves
The turning waters have begun to flow
With surge and murmur low.

So with the tide of years that passes o'er
The sands of this our life; the weary waves,
Here ebbing, flow upon another shore,
But *there* shall ebb no more.

Academy.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

From Temple Bar.

THE COURT OF VIENNA IN THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE sad event which has so lately brought the crown-prince Rudolph of Austria to an untimely grave has attracted universal attention to the inner life of the court of Vienna. Those who care to work back from the present to the past will find an enormous mass of varied and interesting detail on the subject. In the last century especially — that Augustan age of memoir-writers — the court of Vienna, though far less brilliant than that of Versailles, was a rich source of anecdote and scandal. Charles VI., the well-known Hapsburg claimant to the throne of Spain, succeeded to the government of the vast Austrian dominions in 1711. He was the last male scion of the old line of Hapsburg, and with him the antiquated Spanish ceremonial of the court of Vienna was retained in its most rigid form. The imperial household at this time comprised no less than two thousand officials on active service. These were divided into six great classes, according as they came under the lord steward, the lord treasurer, the lord chamberlain, the master of the horse, the lord high ranger, and the lord high falconer. The regulations as to court etiquette were very strict. To every member of the imperial family was due the old-fashioned Spanish reverence, a bow performed while dropping on one knee; to all other persons, the ordinary French reverence, a slight inclination of the body. The court dress for men was unaltered since the time of Charles V. It consisted of the Spanish costume of the sixteenth century, viz., a black doublet and breeches with large rosettes at the knees, and a short black cloak; a large hat turned up on one side and surmounted by a red or black plume, red stockings, and red shoes. No one ever ventured to appear at court in a more modern dress. Charles VI. adhered to it rigidly, and, if he ever saw a person arrayed otherwise, always exclaimed, "There is one of those cursed Frenchmen." He also maintained the obsolete custom of keeping a jester with cap and bells. The latter, who was known as "Little Hans," was a well-known character

at court. He was a dwarf, "ugly as a devil," says Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and always accompanied the emperor on state occasions.

To Charles VI. etiquette was as the breath of life. As early as 1706, when Philip of Anjou, his rival for the crown of Spain, had left Madrid, Charles, to the rage of his English allies, refused to enter the city because he had as yet no state carriage, and it would be contrary to all etiquette to do so without. In 1732 he had engaged to hold an important political conference with Frederick William, king of Prussia. Yet the chief subject of debate at the Austrian state council held before the interview was on the question, whether his imperial Majesty should shake hands with the Prussian monarch or not. After long deliberation they came to the conclusion that he ought not to do so, as such a proceeding would inflict a lasting wound on the imperial dignity. Another instance of the stress laid on etiquette is still more amusing. The ceremonial of the court hunting-parties forbade any one to touch the imperial quarry save the emperor himself. On one occasion a wild boar, slightly wounded by the emperor's gun, rushed straight at his Majesty, who at that moment happened to be unarmed. One of the court pages, at great personal risk, rushed forward and shot the boar dead. Yet the only reward his gallantry received was a severe reprimand and a fortnight's imprisonment, for having committed so serious a breach of the hunt etiquette.

The emperor's day was carefully portioned out. He rose early, heard mass, and held conferences with his ministers till dinner, which was served at one. This meal was a very solemn affair. It took place in the emperor's private apartments, "on the emperor's side," as the official language called it. The emperor and empress always sat down to it alone. No one, not even an electoral prince of the German Empire, was considered great enough to dine "on the emperor's side." The latter was attended by halberdiers and archers in sixteenth-century costume. There were numerous regulations about serving the table, and a dish in its prog-

ress from the kitchen to the imperial plate had to pass through the hands of twenty-four officials. The emperor always wore his hat during the meal, except when grace was being said. In the afternoon their Majesties took a solemn drive in the Prater. On their return, audiences were given to those persons who had applied through the lord chamberlain. His Majesty never hurried, so that petitioners had to wait at least a month before their turn came. This did not apply to the nobility, who were admitted *en masse* to kiss hands on royal birthdays or gala-days. The empress in the mean time had retired to her private apartments, where she played cards with her ladies till about six. At this hour the emperor entered, attended by the lord chamberlain, and supper was served. This meal was held "on the empress's side," *i.e.*, in the empress's private apartments. It was a much less awful ceremony than dinner. Any important visitors present in Vienna could be invited as guests, and the little archdukes and archduchesses were frequently present. Music, of which Charles was extremely fond, was played during the meal, and lively conversation prevailed. The table was entirely served and all the dishes set out by the empress's twelve maids of honor. Soon after supper was concluded the court retired.

It must not be supposed that this dull routine prevailed throughout the year. Life at the country palaces of Schönbrunn and Laxenburg was much less strict than at Vienna, where the emperor only resided from October to April. The court routine was, moreover, incessantly varied by festivals and amusements. Great court balls and *ridottos* were frequently given, when dancing continued till daybreak. A very popular entertainment at court was "the tavern." For this, one of the palace saloons was arranged to resemble the parlor of an inn. The imperial couple acted as host and hostess, and presided at the buffet. The guests were all masked and in fancy dress, and, as the emperor and empress were supposed to be incognito, the restraints imposed by the court etiquette were at an end and much fun ensued. A very popular amusement was

the sledge-racing, which took place at Vienna during the winter. The sledges were gilt and carved with great taste to represent the figures of dragons, serpents, peacocks, or monsters. Each sledge was driven by a member of the nobility accompanied by a lady, both being magnificently attired. The emperor and empress watched the sledges from a balcony. In the country, great court assemblies were held on the occasion of ladies' shooting matches, which were very popular. The young archduchesses were excellent shots, and frequently obtained the prize.

Charles VI., like all the Austrian sovereigns, was, as we have said, passionately fond of music. The choir of the imperial chapel cost two hundred thousand florins a year. Splendid operas were frequently given at the expense of the court. One of these, witnessed by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "The Enchantments of Alcina," cost no less than three hundred thousand florins to put on the stage. "It took place *al fresco* in the gardens of the palace. Unfortunately in the middle of it a storm of rain came on. There was a canopy over the imperial family, but all the other visitors were drenched to the skin.

Besides these various distractions great stress was laid on the religious festivals. Charles, like all the Hapsburgs, was an intense devotee. Lent was a terrible season of sackcloth and ashes, and foreign ambassadors groaned over the countless services they had to attend.

Charles VI., the centre of this curious world of ceremonial and splendor, was of middle stature and slight frame. He had large brown eyes, a long, straight nose, flabby cheeks, and a hanging underlip. The expression of his features was stern and melancholy. This latter characteristic deepened with advancing years, and to the day of his death Charles religiously observed the tradition that an Austrian emperor never laughs.* His wife was the beautiful Elizabeth of Brunswick. Charles was strongly attached to his white

* The term "Austrian emperor" is used for the sake of brevity. Charles VI. was "emperor of Germany" and "sovereign of the Austrian States." The latter included a long list of principalities, of which the archduchy of Austria and the kingdom of Hungary were the most important.

Lizzy, as he used to call her, owing to the wonderful purity of her complexion. In imitation, however, of Louis XIV., he held that no king was complete without a mistress. The lady he fixed on for this honor was a beautiful Italian, Marianna, the wife of his master of the horse, Count Althann. She was one of the most fascinating women of her time and was as talented as she was beautiful. The Italian poet, Metastasio, worshipped her as Petrarch did Laura. He fixed his home at Vienna in order to be near her, and is said to have been secretly married to her after her husband's death.

The reign of Charles VI. concluded with a disastrous war with the Turks. They captured the great Austrian fortress of Belgrade, the key of Hungary. Charles was terribly affected by this blow. "I shall never survive this disgrace," said he; "Belgrade is my death." His end, however, was really due to over-indulgence in the pleasures of the table. On October 10th, 1740, the emperor, in spite of the warnings of his physicians, went out hunting in a pouring rain. On his return, though suffering from colic, he persisted in eating a large dish of fried mushrooms. He was taken very ill that night, and, though everything was done to save him, expired on October 16th. He left no male heirs, and was therefore succeeded by his eldest daughter, Maria Theresa.

The young archduchess who, after a severe struggle, succeeded in making good her title to the Austrian dominions, was in personal appearance well fitted for her high position. Her figure was tall, stately, and exquisitely proportioned; her face, a perfect oval, was lighted up by two large grey eyes that sparkled with vivacity; her hair was long and of the brightest gold; her mouth was beautifully shaped, while a slightly aquiline nose heightened the commanding aspect of her physiognomy. Her manner, though imperious, was lively and gracious, her temper quick but generous and forgiving.

With her accession the rigid etiquette, which had characterized the imperial court in the time of Charles VI., was much relaxed. Yet the imperial household was still maintained on a scale of extraordi-

nary splendor. The personal expenses of the empress-queen, as she was usually called, amounted to six million florins a year. Much of this was spent on the great court festivities, which, during the early part of her reign, followed one another with great frequency. Balls given at the palace were often attended by over six thousand guests, suppers and illuminations being provided on the most sumptuous scale. Besides these entertainments Maria Theresa spent seven hundred thousand florins a year on alms and gratuities, and nearly a million on pensions. She required enormous sums for the large gifts she loved to make to favorite courtiers, and for allowance money for her numerous children. Of these the archduchess Christina, who married the poverty-stricken Prince Albert of Saxony, obtained immense sums. The archduke Joseph, who was much annoyed at his mother's prodigality, always spoke of Prince Albert as his *dear* brother-in-law. The Austrian people really had to pay for all this munificence, Maria Theresa ignoring the fact that in order to pay Paul it was necessary for her to rob Peter.

Maria Theresa conducted all the affairs of state with great energy, and spent many hours every day holding conferences and drawing up instructions for her ministers. Her written orders were sometimes very hard to understand, as the empress-queen's handwriting and spelling were of the most primitive character, a common failing of her time. In purely family affairs she was as homely as any Hausfrau in a German provincial town. She was an affectionate though very exacting mother to her children, of whom she had sixteen — five sons and eleven daughters. At Vienna she used to see them all three or four times a day. At the country palaces of Laxenburg and Schönbrunn there was not room for the whole family. The youngest children therefore remained in Vienna, and the empress only saw them once a week. The tutors and teachers had to report on the conduct of their pupils, and there were rewards and punishments just as in any private family. She had a will of iron, and would brook no disobedience. In this respect she frequently

erred on the side of harshness, and her children, seeing the hopelessness of resistance, were often driven to deceive and dissemble. She, moreover, maintained her system of authority much too long. The archduchess Elizabeth, for instance, complained to Sir Robert Keith, the English ambassador, of the restraint in which Maria Theresa kept her unmarried daughters long after they had attained to years of discretion.

Unlike the old Austrian sovereigns, Maria Theresa frequently paid visits to favorite courtiers and their wives, with whom she would converse about their family affairs in the most warm-hearted manner. The humblest of her subjects could always obtain access to her at stated times. All this good-natured familiarity, however, did not prevent her keeping a very stern face for persons suspected of political disaffection, a peculiarity in which she resembled the emperor Francis II.

Maria Theresa was a most rigid *censor morum*, and courtiers suspected of gallantry met with a very cold reception at court. Her rigor in this particular was really due to the bitterness inspired by the conduct of her husband, the emperor Francis II. The latter had been elected emperor of Germany in 1745. He had been born duke of Lorraine. This province, however, had been ceded to France in 1735, Francis receiving in compensation the Italian duchy of Tuscany, the dominion of the extinct Medicis. In person, Francis was tall and handsome. Like many gallant gentlemen of this time, he had been so badly educated that he was unable to read his play-bill at the theatre. In spite of this defect, however, he was a man of considerable culture and attainments. He had travelled all over Europe, and had thus acquired much practical knowledge of the world. He was a patron of art and a collector of pictures and antiquities. In accordance with the fashion of that time, he was an ardent gambler, and occasionally lost heavily at faro. He was also a most assiduous votary of the curious art of alchemy, and spent much time in his laboratory searching for the tincture which would turn all metals into gold, or trying, by the aid of crucibles and burning-glasses, to fuse a number of small diamonds into one large stone.

Francis had at first been much attached to his wife. But her homely German habits soon began to pall upon him, and he sought in more fascinating society some relief from the dulness of the Hof-

burg. According to Count Podewills, the Prussian ambassador, he was a regular Don Juan. But his only declared mistress was the beautiful Princess Auer-sperg. This lady was a lovely brunette, with brown fluffy hair, bright eyes, and a vivacious manner; she was a most desperate gambler, and often lost heavily at cards; and Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, in his memoirs, hints that the readiness with which she listened to the emperor's solicitations was largely due to the liberality with which he was ever ready to supply her wants.

Maria Theresa, though she gave her husband the title of co-regent of the Austrian States, always refused to allow him any real share in the government. He was thus reduced to the unenviable position of a prince consort, for his duchy of Tuscany was managed for him by resident ministers. Francis felt his position keenly. He frequently complained to friends about it. "By the court," said he bitterly on one occasion, "I mean the empress and her children—I am here only a private person." It was probably his enforced idleness which made him a trifler and a debauchee. Maria Theresa herself even seems to have noticed this. "Never," said she once to her lady reader, Madame Greiner, "marry a man who has nothing to do."

Though Francis was prevented from taking any direct share in the government of the Austrian States, his indirect influence on the court and society of Vienna was very great. Francis was a Lorrainer and always spoke French. French thus to a certain extent became the language of the court and of society. With the French language, French ideas, usages, and customs came in also, and tended much to modify the rigor of the old court etiquette and temper the cumbrousness of Austrian social life.

In his efforts in this direction Francis was much aided by the celebrated Austrian prime minister of this reign, Prince Kaunitz. This great man, the maker of the famous Austro-French alliance against Prussia, which met with such an ignominious fate in the Seven Years' War, was a very prominent figure in the social life of his time. In personal appearance Kaunitz was tall and spare. His features were well-cut and commanding, his eyes bright blue, and his complexion, of which he took as much care as a society belle in her fourth season, as clear as cream. He always wore an enormous periwig, which, in his

later years, was fixed just over his eyebrows in order to hide the wrinkles on his forehead. To the powdering of this important article of dress he paid great attention. Every morning he used to walk between two rows of servants each armed with a vase full of differently colored powder. This they used to pour successively over his wig as he passed by them, so that at the end it exhibited a subtle harmony of varied tints which never failed to excite the admiration of beholders. Kaunitz was so sure of his position that he placed himself above the court etiquette. He thus always refused to don the antiquated court costume, and always appeared in a Paris-made suit consisting of a black silk coat and breeches, black silk stockings, and shoes with diamond buckles. He was a worshipper of everything French. His clothes, linen, jewellery, and furniture were all sent to him from Paris. He always spoke French except to those whom he knew to be absolutely unacquainted with that language. The favorite maxim of Mirabeau, "*La petite morale, c'est l'ennemie de la grande,*" might well have been applied to Kaunitz. He had numerous amours while acting as Austrian ambassador in Paris. Even in Vienna he frequently drove up to the gates of the imperial palace with women of the most notorious character seated by his side. Maria Theresa on one occasion ventured to remonstrate with him on his conduct, on which he promptly answered, "*Madame, je suis venu ici pour parler de vos affaires, non des miennes.*" His religious views were more than orthodox. His favorite author was Voltaire, and he always spoke with the greatest contempt of priests and priestcraft. But, in spite of these characteristics, Kaunitz was far too able a servant to be dismissed; and Maria Theresa, like George III. in the case of the Duke of Grafton, always held that political fidelity covers a multitude of sins.

The exalted position which Kaunitz enjoyed at Vienna made him extremely overbearing in his manner. Mr. Henry Swinburne, an English traveller, who frequently met him in Vienna, relates some extraordinary stories about his rudeness. If Kaunitz dined out anywhere everything meant for his own consumption must be sent in from his own house and dressed by his own cook. To the guests he behaved like the president of an Oxford college entertaining a party of undergraduates. If they incautiously helped themselves to a dish for which Kaunitz had a

strong *penchant*, the prince became furious. If they bored him, he did not scruple to ask the hostess why she had invited such dull company to meet him. After dinner, but before the guests had risen from the table, he used to take out from his pocket a tooth-brush, tooth-powder, and looking-glass. With these he would proceed to wash his teeth — "one of the most nauseous operations I ever witnessed," says Swinburne, "and it lasted a prodigious long time, accompanied with all manner of noises." His caprices were innumerable. No one must mention the words "death" or "small-pox" before him on any account whatever. He had a horror of fresh air, and wherever he went the doors and windows had to be hermetically sealed. At table he would take upon himself to direct the whole arrangement of the meal, such as mixing the salad, and drawing the wine with his own hands, generally with such ill-success that the dresses of the ladies nearest him and his own clothes were covered with successive discharges of oil, vinegar, or champagne.

Kaunitz had a splendid house at Vienna and a villa at Laxenburg. He was very proud of his collection of pictures and engravings, which he always showed to strangers. But the papal nuncio, the bitter political enemy of Kaunitz, whose anticlerical views were well known at Rome, once slyly whispered to Swinburne that the prince had been grossly swindled by the picture-dealers, and that many of the gems of art in his gallery had been bought at street corners in Rome for a few bajocchi. Kaunitz was a great patron of art and letters. He delighted in the society of artists, authors, and musicians. He frequently had the composer Glück to dine with him. The latter, however, sometimes found his princely entertainer's insufferable vanity hard to swallow. On one occasion Kaunitz asked Glück to rehearse one of his operas before him (Kaunitz) alone. Glück muttered something about an audience being necessary. The prince promptly interrupted him. "M. Glück," said he, "*sachez bien que la qualité vaut bien la quantité. Je suis moi seul une audience.*"

From a purely social point of view, the reign of Maria Theresa is divided into two periods by the date 1765. In that year her husband Francis died in a fit of apoplexy at Innsbruck in the Tyrol. In spite of his persistent infidelity, Maria Theresa had always been passionately attached to him. His sudden death left her prostrate

with grief. From the day of his death Maria Theresa not only always wore the deepest mourning, but she had the walls of her private apartments hung with black. The anniversary even of the month in which he died was always kept by her as a time of prayer and fasting. The memory of his loss left a strain of melancholy upon her character which deepened as she grew older. She gave up attending the court balls and festivities. As time went on, the empress-queen degenerated into a solitary and gloomy bigot. She began to contract that aversion to all joyousness and pleasure which, common among English Dissenting sects, is rarely found even among the most devout Catholics. "The court," says Wraxall, "became gloomy and joyless." On one occasion the empress-queen's bigotry caused a most lamentable event. Francis had died with frightful suddenness, and had been incapable of receiving the last sacrament. Maria Theresa, therefore, felt it her duty to offer up constant prayers for the repose of his soul. These devotions usually took place over the actual tomb of Francis in the gloomy vault of the Capuchin convent at Vienna. In 1767 the beautiful and popular archduchess Maria Josepha had been betrothed to King Ferdinand IV. of Naples. Before setting out for her new home, Maria Theresa ordered her to go down into the vault of the Capuchins and offer up a prayer over the tomb of Francis. The young girl implored to be excused from this gloomy office, but her mother was inexorable, and the unfortunate Josepha was let down into the vault in fear and trembling. Scarcely four months had elapsed since the corpse of her sister-in-law, the second wife of the archduke Joseph, had been buried in the same vault. The small-pox of which the latter had died had been so virulent as to render it totally impossible to embalm the body. The smell of the corpse was still perceptible and capable of communicating infection. Shortly after her return, the young archduchess was seized with the first symptoms of small-pox. The dread disease soon declared itself, and on October 16, the day destined for her departure to Naples, she was a corpse.

This sad event excited great indignation. The empress-queen's bigotry, in fact, was intensely unpopular in Vienna, where Catholicism never assumed so gloomy a tone as it did in Spain. Dr. Moore, who visited Austria in 1778, writes at great length on the singularly pleasing aspect of religion in that country.

Many of my female acquaintance [says he] have embroidered some fanciful piece of superstition of their own upon the extensive ground which the Roman Catholic faith affords. In a lady's house, a few days ago, I happened to take up a book which lay upon the table; a small picture of the Virgin Mary on vellum fell out from between the leaves; under the figure of the Virgin, there was an inscription, which I translate literally: "This is presented by — to her dearest friend —, in token of the sincerest regard and affection; begging that, as often as she beholds this figure of the Blessed Virgin, she may mix a sentiment of affection for her absent friend, with the emotions of gratitude and adoration she feels for the mother of Jesus." The lady informed me that it was usual for intimate friends to send such presents to each other when they were about to separate, and when there was a probability of their being long asunder.

Another extract from Dr. Moore's writings will show that the insignia of religion were sometimes regarded in a very lively manner. On one occasion the doctor was taken by M. de Breteuil, the French ambassador, to visit a monastery on Mount Calenberg. Some noble ladies from Vienna were of the party and had obtained special permission to view the monastery.

One lady of a gay disposition laid hold of a scourge which hung at one of the father's belts, and desired he would make her a present of it, for she wished to use it when she returned home, having, as she said, been a great sinner. The father, with great gallantry, begged she would spare her own fair skin, assuring her that he would give himself a hearty flogging on her account that very evening; and, to prove how much he was in earnest, fell directly on his knees before a little altar and began to whip his shoulders with great earnestness, declaring that, when the ladies should retire, he would lay it with the same violence on his naked body; for he was determined she should be as free from sin as she was on the day of her birth. This melted the heart of the lady; she begged the father might take no more of her faults upon his shoulders. She now assured him that her slips had been very venial, and that she was convinced that what he had already suffered would clear her as completely as if he should whip himself to the bone.

The monks had previously pledged their visitors in bumpers of Tokay, and this probably accounted for the reverend father's gallantry.

The end of Maria Theresa's life was a sad spectacle. In personal appearance she had much changed for the worse. The beauty, tenderness, and grace which had roused the enthusiasm of the Hungarian magnates in 1741 were all gone. The empress-queen's face had been fear

fully disfigured by an attack of the small-pox and by an accident which happened to one of her travelling carriages. Her once graceful form had become so unwieldy in its bulk that machines were required to move her from one floor to another. The progress of state affairs was not to her liking. Her son Joseph had imbibed all the views of the French philosophers, and she knew that her death would be the signal for the most radical changes in Church and State. By the autumn of 1780 she had begun to grow very weak. In spite of this, she spent her whole time in prayer and meditation over the tomb of Francis. At last dropsy set in, and after a few days' suffering she expired on November 29th, 1780. The name of her husband Francis was the last on her lips.

Her eldest son, the archduke Joseph, had enjoyed the empty dignity of German emperor since his father's death, in 1765. His mother had also given him the title of co-regent in her own dominions. But this, as we have seen, meant little, as to the day of her death Maria Theresa kept the chief direction of affairs rigidly in her own hands. It was thus not till 1780, when Joseph was already in his fortieth year, that he found himself actual sovereign of the Austrian States. Numerous descriptions of Joseph II.'s person and character have been given by tourists who visited Vienna during the last few years of Maria Theresa's reign. He was of middle size, with a slim, well-built figure; his hair was long and fair, his eyes blue, his features aquiline, and his manner quick and determined. In imitation of his model, Frederick the Great, Joseph always wore a military uniform. He was intensely desirous of acquiring knowledge. For this purpose he travelled much and carefully observed the condition of the various countries through which he passed. He used to engage in conversation with any men of light and leading he might happen to meet. He always led the discussion to the subject in which they were specially skilled, and listened attentively to what they said. In order to put people at their ease, he frequented the *salons* of Vienna just like a private person. Swinburne frequently met the emperor at private parties, and noticed with astonishment that his Majesty's entrance made no change in the manner or attitude of the guests. This abandonment of all punctilio in his presence was due to Joseph's own orders. "It would be hard," he said to Dr. Moore, "if, because I have the ill

fortune to be an emperor, I should be deprived of the pleasures of social life which are so much to my taste."

Joseph's married life was not happy. His first wife was Isabella, daughter of Don Philip, the Spanish duke of Parma. The young girl—an olive-skinned, dark-eyed brunette—had been secretly attached to a page at her father's court, and, in spite of the affection which Joseph lavished on her, she was never able to feel any love for her Austrian husband. She was always melancholy in the midst of her splendors, and was, moreover, oppressed by the forebodings of an early death. She bore Joseph a daughter in 1761. Two years later she was attacked by that scourge of the eighteenth century, the small-pox. She died on November 27th, 1763. Joseph had attended her throughout her illness with the most loving care. On her death he fell into a paroxysm of grief. At this moment his sister Christina, in the hope, it may be charitably supposed, of moderating his transports, revealed to him the fact that his wife Isabella had never really loved him, and that her affectionate manners had only been assumed. A more heartless proceeding cannot be imagined. Joseph never got over the shock of this revelation. To it is due the cynical bitterness which lies like a cloud over the bright aspirations of his future life.

Joseph's second marriage was one of policy only. The wife eventually fixed on for him was Maria Josepha, sister to Maximilian, the elector of Bavaria. This union held out great political advantages, the Bavarian connection, with a view of ultimately getting Bavaria exchanged for the Netherlands, having always been a central point of the Austrian diplomacy. Joseph's second wife was unprepossessing, unhealthy, and devoid of talent. Her husband never even pretended to show the slightest affection for her, and she always turned pale and trembled whenever he came into the room. She died of small-pox in 1767. Joseph never married again. The two daughters borne to him by his first wife both died in infancy, and by the time of his accession to the throne he had resigned himself to look on his brother Leopold as his heir.

The archduke Joseph's earnestness, simple life, and evident intention to carry out extensive reforms had aroused the most intense excitement at Vienna. On his accession the popular expectations were in no way disappointed. Joseph's watchwords were reform and economy.

The pompous splendor which had characterized the court even during the last years of Maria Theresa came to a sudden end. The empress-queen's expenses had amounted to six million florins a year. Those of Joseph II. barely touched half a million. During his long exclusion from power Joseph had contracted a bitter detestation of the two classes of men who had most victimized his mother, courtiers and priests. The Tartuffes were driven from the palace. The number of court offices was ruthlessly cut down. All the great court festivals known as gala-days, then forty in number, were abolished, with the single exception of New Year's day. What remained of the old Spanish costume and ceremonial was now finally swept away. The emperor appeared on the throne of his fathers attired in a simple military uniform. "My lord chamberlain," said Joseph with a grin, "will faint when he sees this." That stately official might indeed have said that the glory was departed. The special table maintained for the entertainment of his staff was abolished, and the under-chamberlains on duty were ordered to leave the palace at one o'clock and get their dinner elsewhere.

In his public capacity Joseph worked as hard as Frederick the Great. In summer he rose at five, in winter at six. He then slipped on a dressing-gown and worked through piles of despatches till nine o'clock, when he stopped for a frugal breakfast. He then dressed and went to the audience chamber. Not only was he accessible to all, but, being well acquainted with the tyranny of the court underlings, he used to go into the corridor outside the audience chamber at regular intervals and ask who wished to see him. He never, says Wraxall, kept any one waiting with whom he had made an appointment. At about twelve the emperor broke up the *levée* and went for a drive. He usually drove himself in an open calèche drawn by two English horses. The drive finished, Joseph returned to his dinner. This meal, except on meagre days, consisted of five plain dishes—a soup, a bouilli, vegetables, a fricassee, and a *rôti*. These were brought to his apartment in five deep dishes, placed one upon the other; they were laid on the stove in order to keep them warm till the emperor was ready. The dinner was ordered for two o'clock. Joseph, however, on returning from his drive, usually looked over any important despatches which had come in during his absence. It was thus frequently as late

as five o'clock before he sat down to table. The dinner, which must have been rather flat by this time, was very unceremonious. In Vienna Joseph always dined alone. He was waited on by one servant, with whom he used to converse during the meal. In the country, however, he frequently had guests from the nobility. When on his travels his secretaries always dined with him.

After dinner Joseph enjoyed an hour's music. He was an excellent pianist and sang with a fine bass voice. He then returned to his work, at which he continued till about seven o'clock, when, if not pressed for time, he always drove to the theatre. He was extremely fond of comic operas and broad farces. It was characteristic of him that he went to the theatre like a private person, and always refused to occupy the imperial box.

Joseph, though not a libertine, was no woman-hater like the old cynic of Sans-Souci. After the theatre he went to some reception, where he finished the evening in pleasant conversation with a party of ladies. Up to 1777 Joseph's favorite resort had been the salon of Countess Windischgratz. After her death in that year he spent his evenings at the Lichtenstein Palace. He here used invariably to meet a chosen coterie of five great ladies—"Les cinq dames réunies de la société qui m'y ont toléré," he called them on his death-bed. English visitors who were present at these receptions speak of them as delightful. Conversation was the only recreation allowed, for Joseph, unlike his father, never played at cards. Between ten and eleven Joseph returned home. He at once went to his study and worked often till long beyond midnight. He then took a plate of soup and retired for the night. His bed was merely a sack filled with straw. Only just before his death could he be brought to use a mattress stuffed with feathers.

The above sketch of Joseph's daily routine shows that the life of a really hard-working and conscientious monarch is one of the hardest in existence. The important political events of his reign are beyond our province. It therefore merely remains for us to tell very briefly the sad story of his end.

The severe labors to which Joseph surrendered himself had by the year 1787 begun to tell seriously upon a frame which contained the seeds of consumption. His physical weakness was aggravated by the failure of his various reforming measures and by the collapse of the Austrian army

in the Turkish campaign of 1788. Joseph's ecclesiastical changes had brought down upon him the most violent denunciations from every section of the Austrian clergy. The nobility, for whose insolence towards the lower and middle classes he felt the most burning indignation, regarded him with inveterate hatred. He had always refused to acknowledge the claims of birth, and had presented commoners to episcopal sees and to high posts in the civil service. Worse than this, he had bestowed patents of nobility on persons engaged in commercial pursuits, as, for instance, the worthy banker, Joseph Michael Arnstein, who, moreover, was a Jew. Joseph evidently held the doctrine that before the State, as represented by himself, all men were equal. When a nobleman mildly hinted to him that it would be more in accordance with the fitness of things if he, Joseph, were to consort more with the nobles, his equals, and less with people who were absolutely of no birth at all, like Mozart for instance, who was only a musician, Joseph turned on the speaker and retorted, "If I wished to keep company only with my equals, I should have to go down to the vault in the Capuchins and pass my days among the coffins of my ancestors."

During the Turkish campaign of 1788 Joseph caught a bad fever in the Hungarian marshes. He recovered from this first illness, but the end was evidently close at hand. The emperor had grown thin and pale, his voice, once so strong, had sunk to a husky whisper, his clear blue eyes — "imperial" blue as his friends had fondly called them — had become weak and watery. In spite of the remonstrances of his physicians, he still continued his labors on behalf of the State. Meantime his political troubles grew and multiplied; the Netherlands, where he had introduced extensive reforms with the view of uniting those provinces more closely to the central government of Vienna, were in active revolt. The Hungarian magnates, furious at his generous efforts on behalf of their miserable serfs, were openly threatening insurrection. At last, on January 28th, 1790, Joseph found himself compelled to issue the celebrated decree by which he revoked all his reforms. From this blow he never recovered; he began to sink rapidly, and on February 12th his chief physician informed him that there was no hope.

Even on his death-bed more troubles

were to come upon him. On the fifteenth, after saying farewell to his generals, he expressed a wish to take leave of the wife of his nephew Francis, Elizabeth of Wurttemberg. The latter, a pretty and engaging princess, had always been a favorite of his, and her affection had done much to brighten the last sad months of his reign. The princess was in an advanced state of pregnancy, and Joseph, fearing lest his ghastly appearance might cause her a sudden shock, bade his room be darkened, with the exception of one taper which stood at some distance from his bed. Scarcely, however, had the young princess entered the gloomy chamber and heard his first faltering words of greeting than she fainted away and had to be carried out. A few hours after she was seized with the pangs of labor, and was delivered prematurely of a child amid frightful sufferings. By the dawn of February 17th she was dead. The lord chamberlain, Count Rosenberg, had to communicate the news of this sad event to the dying emperor. On hearing it, Joseph cried out, —

"O Lord! Thy will be done! what I suffer no tongue can tell! I thought I was prepared to bear all the agony of death which the Lord would vouchsafe to lay upon me; but this dreadful calamity exceeds everything that I have suffered in this miserable world."

The emperor remained for some hours in a state of stupor. He, however, rallied enough to add a few codicils to his will, leaving legacies to old servants and to the widows of certain deserving officers who had fallen in the Turkish war. On February 19th the emperor made his peace with God, and in the early morning of February 20th he passed away.

Joseph II. was succeeded in all his dignities by his brother Leopold, a ruler who, though a dilettante and a profligate, possessed political and diplomatic talents of the highest order. With his accession commences a new period in the history of Austria. It falls to the imperial house of Hapsburg, as the chief representative of the old *régime*, to bear the brunt of the fight against the civil and military propagandism of the French Revolution. And as that event is usually taken as setting an end to the shallow yet splendid life of the eighteenth century, it is here that we propose to conclude our sketch of the old court of Vienna.

GERALD MORIARTY.

From Murray's Magazine.
THE MINISTER OF KINDRACH.
CHAPTER V.

PROMISCUOUS evening visits were much affected at Kindrach. People dropped in on one another about half past eight for "a bit crack," and probably "a bit supper." David after his visit to John White felt a great desire that Siller should be informed of it. After a substantial meat tea, and a reflective smoke, he thought that he would "drop in" at the Porters' casually. It was between eight and nine when he rang their bell. A carriage and pair was standing at the door, he noticed, as he stood on the steps, the glittering lamps casting two long streaks of light across the road; a hansom, also close behind, was drawn up to the pavement.

A footman admitted him, a young and evidently inexperienced individual, who conducted him up-stairs, and into the drawing-room in rather a bewildered manner. There was no one in the room save an elderly gentleman in evening dress, standing on the hearth-rug with his coat-tails over his arms, through force of habit, for there was nothing behind him in the fireplace except a cool green mass of maidenhair fern. This was the great Mr. Alexander Porter himself. A little meek-looking man with a high shiny forehead, and gentle kindly eyes, peering at the world deferentially through double eyeglasses.

He accepted David's personal introduction a trifle nervously, but evidently with an amiable desire to be gratified. He coughed softly now and then, and kept an expectant eye on the door; during the one-sided conversation which David sustained, Mr. Porter merely interjected, "Oh, ah!" or "Ay, ay!" His watchful eye brightened, and a look of relief stole across his mild countenance as the door opened and his wife appeared. She came into the room, looking back over her shoulder anxiously at the folds of her magnificent train; being a little afraid that the cluster of feathers at one side was placed a trifle too high.

She also was in evening dress — full evening dress. A sweeping train of violet velvet opening over an amethyst brocaded petticoat; diamonds sparkling and flashing on her bare throat and wrists; she rustled across the room, still intent on the arrangement of the violet and amethyst tips, the light from the burners above falling on the soft fluffy white hair, and the airy arrangement of lace and feathers fastened with a diamond crescent.

David had never seen a lady in evening dress before. The sight fairly amazed him. He felt for the first time since coming to London awed; Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, nay, the very British Museum itself had failed to strike this chord which Mrs. Porter's velvet, brocade, and diamonds caused to vibrate. But it was not in his nature to remain long in a state of suspended decision. The feeling of awe passed when he took in the fact of Mrs. Porter's square-cut bodice, and elbow sleeves.

"An auld woman come to her time o' life, to make such an exhibition of herself, it was just a disgrace!"

In all truth it was a very modest exhibition; for Mrs. Porter's taste was far too good for any questionable display. She looked up.

"Good gracious! you here?" she broke off abruptly, and covered her momentary impatience with wonderful adroitness. Being a thorough gentlewoman she could not act rudely she told herself — dignified, cold, repellent, she might be — but rude, never. David replied to her first few words gravely, trying to show, in the steady stare of his honest eyes, the disapprobation which he felt of her attire, or rather lack of attire; an utterly futile attempt.

"We are just on the point of starting out ourselves, therefore your visit to-night is a little unfortunate." She did not add any little social fib expressive of sorrow and so forth, not feeling that the man was worth anything more than the plain unvarnished truth.

David would have replied with his usual care to this remark, but the entrance of Miss Porter and Etta, followed by John White, distracted his attention.

There was a little general examination of each other among the women, during which the men stood aloof. The girls had bowed formally to David, and that was all, beyond that they simply ignored him; but John White shook his hand very heartily, and asked if he were coming too. He was holding a very delicate bouquet of marguerites and maidenhair fern, arranged with artistic skill, and tied with long soft bows of white silk.

"Nae," returned David severely; "a man in mah position need scarcely be asked such a question."

"No? Well now, that's a pity. Miss Dewar won't enjoy herself, I'm afraid."

"Siller!" ejaculated David, turning abruptly towards Mr. White, who stepped back with a comical expression of ex-

treme surprise. "Dinna tell me that Siller is joining in any such doin's?"

"But isn't she though! Mrs. Porter's maid is putting the finishing touches at this moment."

David walked across to Mrs. Porter with determination.

"Mrs. Porter, ma'm, this canna be — I canna permit —" but as he spoke the heavy curtain across the entrance to the inner drawing-room, through which Silvia had made her way, parted, and Silvia herself stood before them. The dark tapestry falling behind her formed an effective, sombre background, against which her white dress stood out in pure relief. It was an old white silk of May's covered with fleecy clouds of airy tulle. In her hand she held a large white feather fan, also May's property. For a moment she stood there blushing and smiling, shyly conscious that they were all looking to see what sort of figure she cut in her first ball-dress, and conscious also that she cut a particularly delightful figure. But it was only for a moment her little triumph lasted; the smile faded from her lips, and there was a piteous look of misery in the eyes she raised to John White.

"It's the nearest thing to a gowan, Annie Laurie," he said in his usual bantering tones, presenting the marguerites to her with an exaggerated bow. "Bloated, puffed-up London gowans, not those which grow on the braes of Maxwellton."

Silvia took the flowers mechanically; she could not thank him or even smile, but kept a wide-eyed, terrified gaze fixed on the advancing David, who bore down upon them with lips firmly compressed, his long coat swinging about his knees. He realized now that John White had simply fooled him that afternoon, and he was fiercely enraged. He took the flowers from her peremptorily; gripping them in his strong fingers, crumpling the ribbon bows, and crushing the delicate fringe of fern. Silvia silently and helplessly let them go without attempting to retain them.

"Siller!" he said, in tones sounding through the room with terrible distinctness; "do you mean to say that you, brought up a God-fearing, Christian woman, have so far forgotten yourself as to put on such a gown. What ails ye?" He laid his other hand on her bare shoulder, grasping it almost roughly in his deep disgust. He even gave her a slight — a very slight — shake.

Etta tittered audibly, May half smiled, Mr. Porter peered through his glasses

confusedly, wondering what the matter was, and John White gazed mournfully at the disordered bouquet quivering in David's ruthless fingers. But Mrs. Porter waxed indignant. That any one should presume to create a vulgar scene in her house was not to be tolerated for an instant. She rustled majestically across the room and placed herself in battle array, facing the enraged minister.

"I do not understand," she began loftily; "you appear to be acting very strangely, Mr. Fairfax. My niece is going with me to the American minister's ball; you speak as if we were taking her to some low and doubtful place of resort."

"Peace, woman," interrupted David solemnly. "I ken naething about these bits of difference which the world reckons ample excuse; but this I do ken; mah wife shauna go anywhere in a gown like yon; neither shall she go to a ball, be the giver minister or no minister. What sort of minister can this American man be, ah'm thinking, to encourage such foolishness and worldliness in his ain hoose? No' a man it will improve Siller to know."

Mrs. Porter pulled her train forward impatiently, reasoning with this man was such a hopeless proceeding.

"My dear good man," she began, a little sarcastically.

"Siller shauna go, I canna permit it," interrupted David doggedly.

"It seems to me you are overstepping the limits of your position with regard to Silvia," returned Mrs. Porter crossly. But here Silvia herself interfered.

She had stood, burning with mortification, ready to fly the spot with shame and humiliation, yet held by David's firm pressure on her shoulder — unable to raise her eyes and encounter the amusement and merriment she felt would be imprinted on every face but David's and her own. Her situation became too intolerable, and like the worm of famous memory she turned.

"Aunt Silvia," she said hurriedly, "I see; I must stay, as Mr. Fairfax says. Please don't wait any longer, but go without me. I must stay," she added, with some decision.

"Oh, if you wish to stay, Silvia, of course," returned her aunt, a little annoyed, "that ends the matter. Come, girls, Alexander, help me on with my cloak. May, have you got your hood?" A little general stampede followed, and in a few moments David and Silvia were alone in the great empty drawing-room.

David was conscious of a great joy rising in his heart, for had not Silvia given

way at once to his wishes? There was hope, and peace, and unutterable comfort in the thought that she might be returning to her old attitude of meek submission. He had never felt so warmly disposed towards her as he felt at this moment (since coming to London). Some little word of commendation for her ready compliance to his wishes; nay, even an embrace he felt was her due.

"Ah've been much disappointed in your manner, Siller, since seeing you again, much disappointed and justly annoyed; but now you are beginning to recollect yourself and return to your old ways, ah'll not throw the past in your face."

He had never seen her looking so lovely. His pulse beat a little more quickly, partly with the charm of her appearance, partly with the exultation of a man who has conquered. This fair woman had submitted to *him*, had bowed her golden head in acknowledgment of *his* authority. He was close to her and he wished to kiss her — wished it without any such rational motive as had hitherto governed this desire. It was an odd sensation.

"Siller, mah lass!" he said gently, bending over her, and refraining from touching her with a new-born desire that she would of her own free will turn to him.

She did turn — suddenly and passionately. Putting up both her hands she pushed him from her with all her might.

"Don't touch me!" she cried; "I hate you!"

David looked at her, and stepped quietly back. That strange, delicious, unknown feeling fled before this icy blast. After the first moment of unmitigated surprise he recovered all his old calm.

"Mah wurd!" he ejaculated, "this is pretty hearing."

"I cannot bear it any longer," she went on vehemently; "I have tried to tell you quietly that things cannot be as they were between us, I tried to write it even to you. You must have seen, yet you ask for no explanation; my manner must have shown you that you, and Kindrach, and everything connected with you were detestable to me — yes, detestable," she repeated, "unless you are so wholly wrapped up in your own conceit that you cannot see how ridiculous you make yourself and how ashamed I am. You humiliate me before my aunt and her friends — your uncouthness, your ignorance, your terrible clothes. And with it all you dictate to everybody, and lay down the law, and take upon yourself to point out other people's faults and

failings. I tell you, David Fairfax, that marry you I cannot and will not. Look at me," she added, her breast heaving with the torrent of pent-up feeling she had let loose — her eyes bright and her cheeks flushed — "look at me," she repeated, glancing downwards at her delicate dress, and her eyes caught and rested a moment on David's great boots. "Then look at yourself, at your coat and boots." The contrast seemed to her to be sufficiently marked.

The daily humiliations and torments of the last few days; the many moments of frightened enforced obedience to his will; the anguished hours of solitude; the stings of all Etta's titters, and May's shrugs, and Mrs. Porter's annoyance, and the last crowning disappointment of this evening, found vent in the scorn and contumely she heaped upon him without regard to his feelings, without thought of justice, without pausing to reflect if some measure of blame might not be hers. Like most timid things, when once they gather courage they out-Herod Herod in their momentary boldness and bravery.

David's lips had closed in a firm, hard line. He looked at her with a cold, direct stare. He still gripped in one hand the remains of Mr. White's bouquet. When she said "look at me," his eyelids fell a little with a slight flicker of scorn. This outburst of childish splenetic rage made him long to take her by both bare white shoulders and administer a sound shaking.

"Ah'm looking," he said steadily. "An' ah see naething so verra wonderful; just a foolish woman beside herself wi' temper. I dinna ken what mah coat and boots have got to do with the matter; ye didna promise to marry a pair of boots and a coat; ye promised to marry me, David Fairfax, minister of Kindrach!"

He thrust the drooping marguerites and crushed ferns before her as he spoke, to emphasize his last sentence. His eyes looked dark and angry. Silvia stepped back a little.

"Yes," she cried, "but that was in my ignorance — I knew nothing but Kindrach. All this," glancing round her aunt's handsome drawing-room, "was a revelation of another life. Do you think I can go back and take up that old existence? do you think I can be content to live at the manse and spend my life making your porridge, and ironing your bands, and listening to your sermons? I never loved you. I thought it would be fine to be the wife of the principal man in Kin-

drach, that was all. And you I scarcely even thought of. Had you loved me as I know now that men and women can love, you might have seen for yourself that I cared no more for you than I did for James McKenna. He would have done just as well had he been at the manse. But you! you never could see anything beyond that one great, all-absorbing fact, David Fairfax, minister of Kindrach."

She spread wide May's great white fan, and made him a mocking curtsy.

(Was this Siller, shy, obedient little Siller? this bold, flaunting, curtseying woman?)

"Mah wurd! I wonder ye're not ashamed," he ejaculated heavily.

"Oh, no!" she said, laughing a little hysterically, for her courage was beginning to totter on its hastily erected throne before his calm callousness. "I don't care what you think of me. I only want you to go; to go! Do you hear?" she added, with a stamp of her foot.

David surveyed her coldly.

"Well, since ye don't mind what I think, ye might speak the truth and give the real reason for all this stamping and raging. It's no all this," pointing, as she had done, to the room, "it's no the new views of what ye are pleased to call life; it's that grimacing, pouting loon John White, *that's* what ails ye. Ye are just head over ears in love with a man who doesna care the lift of his little finger for ye; and that I heard from himself."

David's calmness was merely on the surface, beneath there boiled and raged a tempest far surpassing Silvia's little hurly-burly. He brought out his words very quietly and deliberately. He rather fancied he had scored. A little to his surprise Silvia began to laugh, and continued to laugh without speaking, as if enjoying a good joke.

"Mr. White is going to marry May," she said presently, still laughing. "I knew this from the very first. Etta Harding told me. Now he has sold that picture 'Aphrodite,' and has been commissioned by some great lord or other to paint his hall and ball-room at his place in the country, they will be married very soon; Etta thinks perhaps this autumn."

David was considerably nettled, but he turned the tables he flattered himself smartly.

"Just a common house-painter is he?" he said with a snort. "An' you tilting up your nose at a minister, an' your cousin there ready and willing to marry a young fellow who goes out as a jobbing painter!

Mah wurd! you've got notions since coming to London, Siller Dewar, that would stock the whole royal family."

But Silvia did nothing but laugh with a little hysterical catch of her breath now and then. David turned from her disgustedly, and began pacing the room with heavy, impatient strides. He was not undecided as to what his next step should be, or what form his reply should take, but he was compelled to turn from her and wait until the turmoil of heated feeling should subside sufficiently to permit of his answering her at least decently.

Silvia's mirthless laugh ceased gradually; she sat down suddenly, a little tremulous and tearful, watching David with anxious, frightened eyes, her fingers knit tightly together, wishing, now that she had said all she had to say, that he would go, and wondering with sick dread why he did not. Presently he came to a standstill a few paces from her chair and looked fixedly at her. She could not face him, but kept her eyes on the toe of her white silk shoe.

"Well, Siller Dewar, ah'm to understand by all the foolish talk ye have poured out to-night that ye consider yourself free?"

Silvia raised a startled face.

"Oh! dinna fash yourself. Ah'm no anxious to hold ye to your wurd. A wife such as you, and the likes of you would mek', is no the kind I crave to spend the rest o' mah days wi'. So I give ye back your promise. We are both free, thank the Lord! Ah've only to add that ye chose a strange-like way to set aboot getting your freedom. Ah wouldn't have believed that any woman would have behaved as ye have behaved; ah'm thankful to be rid of ye, ah'm that. Suppose we had been married, and ye had taken a turn at these havers and capers? Mah patience! but it's a narrow escape ah've had."

Silvia was too exhaustedly wretched to feel offence at the tone he was taking.

"I should have spoken more quietly," she said gently, "but you always frighten me, and to-night I got angry. I am sorry." The pleading eyes raised to his were full of tears; but after what he had just passed through it would have been beyond nature (his nature, at any rate) had he felt any compunction. Sitting there with the soft, cloudy folds of her dress billowing about her, the light falling on her bright hair and white arms, she reminded him of John White's shameless female; the passing fancy irritated him still further.

"Oh, ay, now you've got your way, like all wimmin, ye can be soft-spoken enough; but ah've seen your cloven foot, and all ah can say is that ah'm thankful ah've seen it in time."

He continued speaking; giving her "a piece of his mind," a process which lasted some considerable time, during which Silvia sat in mute misery, never once raising her eyes, or interrupting by look or gesture the flood of his harangue.

"There's only one thing ah'll ask at your hands," he said finally, when he had exhausted himself and his wretched hearer utterly, "an' that is mah mother's watch. Only ither bit present ah've made ye, ye may keep," he said with an air of grand renunciation; "but mah mother's watch ah canna part wi'."

She sprang up swiftly.

"Yes, I'll get it. I'll get it now at once." She slipped beyond the curtain before he could say a word, and ran rapidly up two flights of stairs to her room, the motion and cool air of the passages sending a little renewed life circling through her almost benumbed consciousness.

She remembered with what pride she had produced her watch one day when some one had asked the time, and how glad she had been to show them all that she possessed one. Also she remembered the shrieks of merriment which its appearance occasioned.

"Is it a warming-pan? or what?" May asked with languid curiosity.

"They've got an exhibition on just now in Bond Street of curiosities," remarked John White, "but there's nothing there so unique as that, Annie Laurie. Is it a relic of the veritable beauty of Maxwellton?" In a tempest of rage and humiliation she had dragged it out of the "bit pocket" she had sewn in her gown, at David's recommendation, for its reception, and pushed it to the back of this drawer, where it had lain untouched ever since.

She unearthed it, and disentangled the slender chain from sundry bits of ribbon and lace. No remembrance came to her of the night when David had given her the watch, and Janet had softly pressed the little packet containing the chain into her hand at the door of the manse. The gas she had turned on to the full, burnt with a flaring sound, and lighted up a far different scene. This modern luxurious bed-chamber, with its shining furniture, large mirrors, and dainty knick-knacks; the toilet table, before which she stood, strewn with articles she had never dreamt

of in those days, but now had come to regard as absolute necessities; she herself in her white ball-dress. What possible connection could there be between now and then to recall the manse "houseplace" and that far-away episode? Only this enormous turnip of a thing, justly spoken of by May as "a warming-pan," and a long worn, thin, old-fashioned chain. Silvia was not imaginative, or super-sensitive at any time to feelings of mere sentiment. To-night she was shaken by thoughts and gusts of anger, which must have driven sentimental retrospect and tender recollection far from the mind most addicted to the cherishing of these ideas; therefore Silvia cannot be regarded as utterly callous if she merely hastily seized the watch and chain without bestowing one thought, either sentimental or otherwise, upon them, and hurried from the room, leaving the gas still flaring.

David was still pacing the room heavily, backwards and forwards, when she returned, his dark brows drawn together in a frown of concentrated rage, and his strong hands closed firmly. In one he still held the faded bouquet.

Silvia silently handed him the watch and chain. She had no courage or power of self-assertion left. She was conscious of no sensation either of joy or fear. Only an unutterable, weary longing that he would go, possessed her.

David ceased his aimless promenade at her approach.

"Where did ye get this?" he asked, as his eye fell on his mother's chain.

"Janet gave it me," returned Silvia simply. Her eyes had dark rings beneath them, and her beautiful hair, which Mrs. Porter's maid had plaited and curled with so much care, looked tumbled and disordered—in her excitement she had pushed it back with her hands and totally destroyed the "elegant simplicity" of Symond's arrangements. Altogether she was a sufficiently pathetic little figure to have moved even David. But he scorned to be moved by tired eyes and ruffled hair, unless the fatigued and disordered one deserved his pity.

"Janet?" he repeated, with disdain. "Ou ay! ah conclude she did, after ye had just tormented and worried the life out of her forrit."

He carefully placed the articles in one of his inner pockets; and then turned finally to Silvia—her sense of intense longing broke from her. "Ah, go now!" she cried, putting out one hand with a gesture of appeal. "What is the use of

more words? nothing can alter things now, and I am so tired — so very tired!" Her voice broke and quivered with a sense of self-pity and real physical weariness.

David seized her upraised hand angrily.

"You think you have done wi' me, Siller; but it's no so easy to shuffle on and off wi' a man like me. Ah'll go the now, but ah hauna finished wi' ye yet;" he dropped her hand, and drew away from her. "If ye have chosen to disregard your duty to God and man," he said solemnly, "it's no reason why ah should leave ye wallowing in sin and wickedness; disgraceful and shameful as your conduct has been towards me, ah canna leave ye to work your ain destruction. Ah'll speak to your aunt Porter the morn, and ye must be ready to return wi' me to Kindrach by the night mail. Dinna speak," he added with quiet firmness, as Silvia made a little movement. "Wurds, as ye said the now, are without use; and now ah'll bid ye good-night." Without looking at her, or touching her hand, he walked out of the door, and out of the house. Only when he stood on the pavement, and felt the cool, soft air on his heated face, did he realize that all this time John White's flowers were in his hand. With a muttered word (it would be a pity to give it utterance, for not often did the minister of Kindrach so forget himself, and surely his provocation was great!) he tossed the bouquet from him into the roadway, where the hurrying wheels and hoofs of many horses trampled and tore it to shreds. He felt a grim satisfaction in knowing that its dewy freshness, the purity of its white flowers, the tremulous beauty of its delicate ferns, the artistic skill in its arrangement, the richness of its silk streamers were all gone, crushed out, destroyed forever. David might have drawn a parallel between that bouquet of John White's and the fate of his first dream of love.

CHAPTER VI.

"It is really the most tiresome, absurd, ridiculous business I ever had anything to do with," Mrs. Porter spoke fretfully for her, but the morning had been full of petty annoyances. May was in "one of her moods," according to Etta, or as May's mother put it, "in a state of great mental depression." Then Silvia had come to her, almost before she was dressed, with an excited and incoherent tale relating to herself and Mr. Fairfax.

She had scarcely finished breakfast when she was informed that Mr. Fairfax

desired to see her. She sailed into the library armed with her most dignified repressive manner. But such a mere surface triviality as manner failed to shake David. He met it with a grave, immovable, impassive reiteration, that for the present he declined to say what his future intentions with regard to Silvia were, but he still considered they were in a measure bound to each other. As she was under age, he intended taking her back to her mother, with whose entire sanction and approval their engagement had been blessed. From her hands he had first received Silvia, into her hands he would render Silvia up again, "if needs be." The further discussion of future possibilities opened by that last saving clause he would not enter upon here amidst foes and antagonists. All he desired from Mrs. Porter in the matter was that she should see that Silvia was ready to accompany him back to Kindrach that night. And nothing more could Mrs. Porter extract from him, though she descended to argument, even expostulation, stopping short only of entreaty.

"Well," she wound up coldly, "I cannot permit Silvia to be treated in this fashion until I hear from my sister."

"That will just be postponing our departure for twa, maybe three days," returned David with calm inflexibility. "It would be mair reasonable, Mrs. Porter, ma'm, to rely on mah wurd respecting Mrs. Dewar's wishes in this matter. Moreover, your ain feelings as a mother ought to tell ye that in such a serious decision as Siller is now called on to make no one could advise and counsel her so well as her ain mother."

"Call again this afternoon," she said impatiently, and then she went out of the room, full of indignant perplexity, betaking herself to May's sanctum, where she seated herself with the remark above quoted.

Miss Porter was not yet fully dressed, and her hair was hanging in a heavy plait down her back. One of the features of these "moods" being a disinclination to follow the beaten tracks of respectability. She was restless also — now pacing the room rapidly, then sinking gloomily into a chair or sofa. She scarcely noticed her mother's entrance, and permitted her to speak without troubling to acknowledge her remarks; but as she gathered what the trouble was, she became strangely eager and excited, sinking back, however, into an apparently apathetic condition as the story ended. Walking to the window,

she stood looking out with her back to her mother.

"I should let her go," she said wearily.

"I am sure I feel half inclined to do so!" returned Mrs. Porter crossly. "That dreadful minister is becoming a perfect old man of the sea, and yet the poor child is in such distress—it is not to be supposed she could keep such a preposterous engagement."

"As to that, I don't suppose she will marry the minister; but her people ought to have a voice in the matter, before it is finished."

"She is such a child," returned Mrs. Porter uncertainly, "and might easily be swayed into a marriage with that awful man, and she is far too good and sweet for such a fate. I have thought Mr. Willett seemed—a little—don't you think so?—attracted; and that would be so nice for her!"

"Perhaps so; men generally seem to find her attractive; but still I think she ought to go now and consult her family with reference to her present engagement. A little later we can have her back. If Mr. Willett's fancy is worth anything it will keep warm until she returns; but I should certainly let her go now."

Mrs. Porter hardly understood her daughter's attitude.

"But you know how uncertain young men are," she returned, with still some latent fretfulness. "Instead of keeping warm, Mr. Willett's fancy will in all probability cool away to vanishing if Silvia is removed from his immediate presence; whereas, if she remained, he might propose next week."

May had left the window, and was walking uneasily about the room. As her mother ceased speaking, she stopped in front of her.

"Why will you make me dot every *i* and force me to cross every *tt*?" she asked, speaking quickly. "Let Silvia go to-night, I ask it as a favor."

Mrs. Porter rose with some agitation; to see May in this excited, unnatural state was always a matter of agitation and distress to her.

"My dear, my dear, what is it?" she asked with loving pleading, holding out soft motherly arms. But May stepped back, pushing her hair from her temples.

"Let her go, mother," she repeated. "Don't think me unkind, but when I'm like this I am best alone," she added.

Without a word Mrs. Porter turned and softly left the room. She knew her daughter so well, that she was not hurt, but her

heart was sore at the thought that May was troubled with a burden she would not share. She came to a very fairly accurate conclusion as to the nature of her daughter's trouble, and no hesitation was now in her mind as to what she ought to do with regard to Silvia. Fanciful, and unfounded as she felt May's jealousy was, still she could not for a moment allow her child's peace to be disturbed. Silvia must go.

As her mother closed the door, May flung herself, face downwards, on the bed.

"I despise you, May Porter," she said, not passionately, but with inconsistent calm, "to descend to this; for what? If his love for me is so paltry and weak a thing that he cannot resist Silvia's baby charms, why should I strive, and plot, and scheme to keep it?"

Why indeed? But she did not call her mother back and propose that Silvia should not be driven forth like Hagar into the wilderness. She did nothing, but remained in her own apartments the whole day, restlessly miserable. Silvia's sobbing good-bye and wretched, tear-stained face haunted her unpleasantly for long afterwards.

Mrs. Porter also felt somewhat ashamed and uneasy, though she endeavored to impress upon her niece, as they drove to the station, that, having entered into this engagement of her own free-will, she must now endeavor to face the consequences bravely, and not expect others to fight her battles through life for her. That she—Mrs. Porter—had done all in her power to assist her—Silvia; but since she was, after all, only her aunt, and Silvia's mother being still in existence, she of necessity could do very little—and she added in a burst of real warmth, for Silvia's silent, despairing misery touched her deeply at the time, "Remember, you must come back to us when this little affair is settled and done with. And there's our trip abroad this winter, don't forget that you've promised to be one of our party." This was in reference to an often-quoted, half-formed plan that Silvia should take Etta Harding's place, as the latter was thinking of joining a married sister in India at the end of the year.

"Ah, there is Mr. Willett come to say good-bye," she said cheerfully, as their carriage rolled into the station yard. "I met him this afternoon and told him you were off to Scotland by the night mail. I call that very nice and friendly of him; don't you, Silvia?" smiling a little meaning smile into her niece's startled eyes.

There was not much time for any elaboration of farewells. Mrs. Porter and David arranged about luggage and tickets, leaving Silvia and Mr. Willett to wander about the platform in that aimless, silent fashion people generally adopt on the eve of leave-taking. Mr. Willett did not say much; their relative positions did not warrant the expression of any great things; but he looked at her in a very satisfying way and she was comforted. David passed them, important yet annoyed; for Mrs. Porter had insisted on paying for a first-class ticket for Silvia, which compelled him also to travel first class. He put down the money with a sense of sinful, wanton waste; but in this Mrs. Porter would not yield. She felt he had, in a measure, triumphed with regard to this affair of Silvia's hasty departure, and she would not give him the satisfaction of getting any more of his own way than she could possibly help. She persisted in ignoring him to the last, taking the disposition of Silvia's modest belongings into her own hands, while David as persistently declined to be ignored. This silent encounter between their antagonistic feelings left Silvia and Mr. Willett free to follow their own devices during the few short moments before the departure of the train; as has been already noted, their devices were very simple, but a certain sense of "understanding" was reached and understood by both before the bell rang with noisy clamor, and the cry arose, "Take your seats for the north! Take your seats for the north!"

Mr. Willett assisted her into the carriage and barred the door a moment with his person, searching for effectual "last words." But David, like all people unused to the ways of travellers, was impatient to take his seat, and Mr. Willett's "last words" were hurried by the minister's importunate voice behind.

"You will come back soon?" he said in a low tone. "If not, I shall come and fetch you;" then he stepped down, after placing a dainty basket of grapes with one yellow rosebud on the top in her lap; and David's broad shoulders and black coat occupied his place. There was a shriek, a prolonged whistle, a flutter of Mrs. Porter's waving parasol—a jerk, and then a long, smooth, swift glide out and away into the summer darkness.

Silvia sat for some time, leaning slightly forward, wondering at the gladness in her heart, and holding the yellow rosebud in her ungloved hand. David's presence, her sudden departure, Kindrach, her

broken engagement and shameful behavior, nothing mattered; all was lost, forgotten, swallowed up in the vista opened by that one sentence, "I will come and fetch you." By-and-by she drew back into her corner, muffling herself in wraps and shawls, and David fancied she slept; but all that night she was wide awake. Something new and wonderful had come into her existence. Something so new and so wonderful that it banished all sorrow from her heart, tears from her eyes, and sleep from her brain.

They reached Edinburgh in the grey chill of early morning, and after an exhaustive wait of two hours, during which Silvia sat, benumbed and weary, yet sublimely indifferent to the minor ills of life, in the dusty uncleanness of a waiting-room, and David stamped up and down the platform outside—they proceeded on their northward journey to Kindrach.

As the hours passed and Kindrach loomed an ever-nearing certainty, Silvia's rose-tinted views sobered, and later on, thoroughly tired out, and utterly uncomfortable, she miserably cried herself to sleep. David, sitting grimly opposite, staring moodily out of the carriage window, glanced now and then across at her. She looked very wan and travel-stained, with the marks of recent tears on her cheeks and in the pitiful droop of her lips. He was sad enough at heart, and very sore at her treatment of him, but a dim suggestion of pity for her also struggled into his mind, and his mouth slackened its rigid lines somewhat as he leant over and clumsily drew a shawl closer about her throat. In doing so the penetrating odor of the crumpled dead rosebud she still held in her relaxed fingers, reached his nostrils and reminded him of John White. His lips closed with an even more dogged gloom, and he did not look at her again with any further approach to softness or forgiveness.

They reached Kindrach about five in the afternoon. David had written, when he first made up his mind to return, bidding his aunt send the spring cart to meet this the only train during the day from Edinburgh. This had been done, but he was considerably annoyed that Janet herself should have driven the cart over from Kindrach. She was standing on the platform, in a light cotton dress and shady hat—a very old-fashioned out-of-date figure, but very fresh, sweet, and wholesome-looking, her hair glistening in the sun; about her whole aspect a suggestion of country purity and healthfulness. She

came to meet them in a little rush of pleased excitement—nothing of all that had taken place in London was known here as yet, all she felt was the delight of their happy return. A perception of something wrong struck her coldly before a word was spoken. Over and above the bedraggled, dusty aspect peculiar to people who have travelled all night there was a look in David's eyes which she had known as a child and dreaded to arouse. And Silvia submitted to her hearty welcome and warm kiss without pretending to return either.

"An' wherefore did ye no send one of the men, John or Sam?" was David's first greeting.

"They were just awfu' busy," returned Janet, brightly, taking Silvia's bags and shawls, lading herself with this paraphernalia.

"Oh, ay! what should they be so terribly busy wi'? Ah expect ye just wanted to come to flaunt aboot the town and shops like a' wimmin!" he retorted irritably. Janet was hurt and surprised.

"It's something verra bad that has happened," she thought wonderingly.

"It's no that, David," she said a little reproachfully; "it's the hay, we are all working most night and day to save it while the fine weather holds; they do say it iss the finest cut we've iver had," she went on cheerfully, adding a little running stream of various other domestic details, trying to lift the dreadful gloom and glower in the atmosphere; but without avail—David answered shortly, and Silvia spoke never a word. Her mind was quite made up as to the course she must pursue. Argument was useless. She would wrap herself in a mantle of dogged silence and reserve. David, Aunt Muir, Janet, her mother and sisters, might pour hailstorms of rebuke, reproach, and scathing comment upon her and her behavior. She would not, she was determined, emerge from the impenetrable shelter silence, utter and complete, afforded. But a sense of desolation settled down upon her as they passed out of the little town on to the bleak and barren moors, and well-known landmarks met her at every turning. She was engulfed in a cloud of old associations; already London, and her experience there, seemed slipping too far into the background ever to be more than a dim remembrance. Must she fight, here at Kindrach, with realities to find that she was grasping shadows? It was early yet, however, to shrink. No, she would not give in. She stepped down at the cottage

gate braced for the conflict. David alone got down with her, telling Janet somewhat peremptorily to drive on to the manse; they were met by all the Dewars and swept in a hurrying stream of kisses and ejaculations into the tiny sitting-room. When they were finally in the house, David wrested himself from Kate and Lesbia, and, laying his hand on Silvia's shoulder, propelled her forcibly before her mother.

"Ah've brought your daughter back, Mrs. Dewar, ma'm, as a brand snatched from the burning," he spoke with a certain sad solemnity.

"My gracious!" ejaculated Mrs. Dewar, looking frightened and terrified. She had much the same little ways as Silvia, and glanced now from her youngest child's sullen, not to say sulky, tired face to David's dark, contracted brows in a flutter of apprehension.

"As a brand from the burning," he repeated, in raised tones. "Ah will see ye the morn; ah'm fair tired out, an' ower sair at heart, to discuss the matter now." Without another word he turned and left the group of amazed women alone, with Silvia in their midst. At the burst of eager questioning which broke from them directly his back was fairly out of sight, Silvia collapsed entirely, and fell to bitter weeping. There was nothing for it but to hurry her off to rest and sleep; her sisters and mother restraining their curiosity as best they might.

From The National Review.

THE ORIGIN OF MODERN OCCULTISM.

FOR some reason that is not very immediately apparent, the Anglo-Saxon is the only one among modern races that has been fertile in the invention of new religions. In spite of her great intellectual activity, her love of change, and her contempt for authority, France has during the last century given to the world but one new faith, in the shape of Comtism. Germany, in the same period, has produced the philosophic schools of Hegel and Schopenhauer with an effect upon the religious thought of the age that we are only now, perhaps, beginning to appreciate; but this effect seems to have made rather for the negation of existing dogmas than for the assertion of new ones. In Russia, indeed, we from time to time hear of the preaching of new and strange doctrines, under the influence of which whole villages commit suicide and persons other-

wise sane inflict upon themselves the most horrible mutilations. But these ideas seem to be as strictly local as the tribal beliefs of the Australians, and the only Russian gospel which has been promulgated to the rest of Europe is so far from being a religion as to find its expression in atheism of the blankest and dreariest kind.

If we turn now to England and America, how widely different does the case appear! We have so far outstripped the figures of Voltaire's celebrated sneer that (it has been estimated) in England alone there are at the present time no fewer than one hundred and twenty-five different sects, while the great nation across the Atlantic can boast of one hundred and sixty. Some day, perhaps, it may be interesting to inquire into the causes which have made the Anglo-Saxon mind so restlessly schismatic in matters of faith.

In a soil so prolific it may well appear wonderful that the real or pretended phenomena which are generally known as Spiritualistic should not have long since borne fruit, in the shape of a new Church and a new doctrine. In the forty years that have elapsed since the spirit-rappings of the Fox family first attracted the notice of two continents, we have witnessed the spread of Mormonism, the rise of Shakerism, of Anglo-Israelism, and even of the now expiring Jezreelism. All these faiths, ridiculous as they may appear to most of us, are, in the fullest sense of the word, religions. They demand from their professors a formal adherence to their doctrines, they furnish a rule of life, and they each put forward an authoritative creed in which their principal dogmas are embodied. Yet these faiths seem to have hitherto rested entirely upon the credulity of their votaries, and have certainly never enjoyed the sanction that the phenomena which the Spiritualists declare are produced every day would seem to be able to confer. And yet the believers in Spiritualism, now numbering, as they assert, nearly twenty millions, are content to practise their rites without any attempt to formulate their belief, and without any propaganda to spread it. In an indirect way, however, Spiritualism is responsible for the origin of a religion which has already made some little stir in the world and which seems likely to make more. I allude to the belief which has sprung into notoriety within the last decade under the name of Theosophy.

The account of the establishment of this belief put forward by the Theoso-

phists themselves is as follows: A Colonel Olcott, who is, as far as I have been able to ascertain, an American ex-official of good social standing and unimpeached integrity, was present in August, 1874, at the village of Chittenden, Vermont, for the purpose of investigating the claims of two brothers of the name of Eddy to mediumship of an advanced kind. The curious in such matters can read a description of the phenomena which Colonel Olcott witnessed (or thinks that he witnessed) in his "People from the Other World." What is more to the present purpose is that Colonel Olcott here met Madame Blavatsky. Should the new faith ever attain the development which its founders expect, Chittenden will no doubt become a sort of Mecca, and the "meeting of Blavatsky and Olcott" will occupy an important place in the Theosophic calendar; for Madame Blavatsky is the priestess, as Colonel Olcott is undoubtedly the prophet, of the new religion. This lady, a Russian of noble birth, and the widow of the late governor of Erivan, claims to have devoted the greater part of her life to the study of the "occult" sciences, and to be the accredited medium of communication with the outer world (I do not think I am putting her pretensions at all higher than she would put them herself) chosen by a mysterious brotherhood of "adepts," whose lives have been prolonged by magic arts beyond the ordinary span of man. These "brothers" are supposed by all true Theosophists to reside in some yet undisclosed part of the Himalayas, and no record of the proofs which Madame Blavatsky was able to give Colonel Olcott of the authenticity of her mission has been made public. We have it, however, from the latter that they were completed by the appearance of a "brother" in Colonel Olcott's room at New York, and that he left, as a souvenir of his presence there, the *puggri* which he wore round his head, the relic being "in one corner marked in thread" with his cipher. It is melancholy to think that the possession of the highest powers of the adept does not free one from the smaller annoyances of mundane existence; that the institution of "the wash" is known even in the Himalayas; and that the same precautions are necessary there as here to prevent one "brother" from obtaining possession of another's property.

The result of these communications was that the Theosophical Society was founded the following year. At first it seems to have met with but slight success, and to

have aroused fierce opposition among the American orthodox. As generally happens in such cases, this in its turn provoked reprisals, and Madame Blavatsky in the preface to a very discursive if not a very scholarly book, published by her in 1877 under the title of "Isis Unveiled," declared that, with the intention of "giving both sides of the question to the communities among which missionaries are at work," the society proposed to scatter through the East "authenticated reports of the ecclesiastical crimes and misdemeanors, schisms and heresies, controversies and litigations, doctrinal differences and Biblical criticism and revisions with which the press of Europe and America constantly teems;" and this was followed up by the still darker though vaguer threat that "it may in time also have much to say about the conduct of the missionaries to those who contribute to their support." Fortunately Madame Blavatsky—who, according even to her admirers, is gifted with an irascibility which says little for the discretion of the "brothers"—afterwards saw fit to abandon her intention, and we have been spared the dreadful revelations of missionary misconduct which she could no doubt make if she chose.

But the faith, like so many others, required transplanting before it could attain its full development; and in 1879 the two founders of the society put into execution a plan that they had long considered, and set sail for India, where its headquarters are still established. In its new home it prospered exceedingly, and whereas, on his arrival in India, Colonel Olcott thought it a matter for exultation that the membership of the society had "increased to thousands," it is now stated that it possesses one hundred and sixty-five branches or lodges, and receives a yearly average addition to its strength of seven hundred new members. We are assured on the same authority that many men of the highest intellectual standing are to be found on its rolls, including such well-known names as those of Professors Crookes and Wallace, M. Flammarion, and Mr. Edison.

This rapid expansion has not passed unnoticed by observers of widely differing types; and while Sir Richard Temple sees in Theosophy one of the causes that are, according to him, rapidly undermining the ancient faiths of India, the last (and by no means the least learned) of the prophetic school of Evangelical Protestants gathers from its sudden popularity that the last days are at hand, and accepting implicitly

the signs and wonders reported to accompany Madame Blavatsky, believes that these are intended to pave the way for the open worship of Satan.*

An even better testimony to the wide extension of the new faith may perhaps be found in the frequency with which it is made to play a part in current fiction. Mr. Sinnett writes avowedly as a propagandist, and the late Mr. Lawrence Oliphant was always "a little odd" in matters of religion; but we may safely say that ten years ago neither Mr. Marion Crawford nor Mrs. Campbell Praed would have dreamed of making a Theosophist the hero of a novel; nor would Mr. Anstey have found the quaint humor with which the new religion is treated in "A Fallen Idol" generally intelligible.

A certain amount of obscurity seems to have been intentionally cast over the distinctive features of this new gospel, but we shall find that when this is penetrated, its principal doctrines are neither very numerous nor very complicated. And here let me say that I have no intention of discussing the reality or the reverse of the so-called phenomena with which the new dispensation was, according to its votaries, ushered in. These seem to me to be utterly trivial and unimportant, and whether Madame Blavatsky did or did not restore by occult means an old brooch, which had been mislaid, to its owner, or succeed in "materializing" an extra teacup at a picnic, is hardly an important matter. The appearances, either in the "astral body" or otherwise, of the "brothers" might be more interesting; but these have already received investigation at the hands of the Psychical Research Society, and there is reason to think that the belief in them will soon cease to be required (even if it is now) of adherents to the faith. The lectures delivered from time to time by Colonel Olcott, which have now been republished in a volume entitled "Theosophy, Religion, and Occult Science," offer a convenient proof of this. Thus, in a lecture given at Bombay immediately upon his arrival in India, he claims that "we have our unseen, but none the less active, adepts, proficient in science, physical and occult, masters of philosophy and metaphysics, who benefit mankind without their hand being even so much as suspected." And in another lecture delivered at Simla in the following year, Colonel Olcott gives a long catalogue of

* Earth's Earliest Ages. By G. H. Pember. New York. 1885.

the wonders he has seen produced "by one who had learnt the secret sciences in India and Egypt." But the year after, his tone on the subject is materially altered, and we find him, in a lecture at Bombay, after defending the reality of Madame Blavatsky's phenomena, saying that if he were in her place he would never again produce them, and that, as for the "brothers," "I shall henceforth try to abstain from even speaking of them, except to those who are prepared and anxious for the truth." Finally, in 1885, in the introduction to the book from which I have been quoting, he says, "An inordinate prominence has been given to the psychic phenomena produced by Madame Blavatsky, which, however striking in themselves, are nevertheless but a small part of Theosophy as a great whole." We learn also from Mr. Sinnett's work, "The Occult World," that "the brothers are less accurately qualified, in spite of their powers, than persons of lesser occult development to carry on any undertaking which involves direct relations with a multiplicity of ordinary people in the commonplace world," and he introduces one of them, the "Koot Hoomi," whose name is familiar to readers of the *Psychical Research Society's* reports, as saying, "I myself cannot endure for any length of time the stifling magnetism of even my own countrymen." As the brothers are supposed to be gifted with powers that could, in the twinkling of an eye, change the whole face of nature, persons who, like the learned author of "Earth's Earliest Ages," from which I have quoted above, believe in their attributes while mistrusting their benevolence, should be profoundly thankful for this excess of sensitiveness. Altogether, it seems neither unreasonable nor uncharitable to assume that both the brothers and the phenomena of which they are said to be the cause will, in the not very distant future, drop out of Theosophy, and will remain, like the unknown tongues of the Irvingites, but a pious tradition which the faithful may accept or not as they please.

There will still be left the cardinal tenets of the Theosophic faith, to which, indeed, these side beliefs do not seem at all a necessary complement, and of these I shall endeavor to give a brief summary.

The Supreme Being is "the universal principle — formless, changeless, devoid of the attributes of personality and limitation," and utterly inscrutable. From a thought or idea of him sprang the universe, of which idea it is "the sensible

expression." The creative idea is also spoken of as the universal soul or "soul of the world," and manifests itself in two forms, spirit and matter. These two forms are at present antagonistic, but in the struggle matter is constantly defeated, and will at last be entirely dissolved. Spirit will remain triumphant, and will be reabsorbed into the universal soul from whence it sprang. This soul will then "reascend the cyclic way, and finally stand . . . at the foot of the upper step of the spiritual worlds, as at the first hour of its emanation. Beyond that lies the great deep, or mystery." Again, the universe is governed, not by supernatural interference, but by law, eternal, immutable, and ever active. This law is, during the struggle between spirit and matter, "a distinct dualism." The actual conduct of the universe is entrusted to intelligences who are conditioned and finite, "though compared to us infinitely high," but whose rule is in strict conformity with law. They are developed from the soul of the world, and are elsewhere spoken of as "the occult powers of nature, emanations of the working God." Man is a triune being composed of body, soul, and spirit. The soul of man contains, beside his mind or intellect, his astral or ethereal body, which can, under certain circumstances, be separated from his physical body, of which it is the exact counterpart, and is then independent of the ordinary limitations of time and space. Both these bodies are material, and therefore destructible; but the spirit of man is an emanation or spark of the soul of the world, with which it will be eventually united. It is given to man, by the practice of asceticism — abstinence from animal food, from alcohol, and from any infringement of the law of perfect chastity — so to free himself from the bonds of matter during his life upon earth that his spiritual faculties become developed, and he acquires a part of the omnipotence of the soul of the world. He can then "control the sensations and alter the conditions of the physical and astral bodies of other persons . . . he can know all that has been known or can be known, and can govern and employ the guiding intelligences or powers of nature." Those who thus arrive at "divine wisdom" are the true adepts. There are also some misguided beings who, by compact with the lower intelligences, obtain some but not all of these powers, which they are then, apparently, compelled to use for evil. These are spoken of with reprobation and horror as the "followers

of the left-hand path." True adeptship is, of course, attained by few, and those who do not seek it can only arrive at absorption into the soul of the world by successive incarnations, the discomfort that they experience thereby being in exact proportion to the evil that they commit in the flesh.

These are the principal doctrines of the Theosophists, which I have taken, when possible, in the authors' own words, from the works of Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky, and also from a few tracts or pamphlets issued by the Theosophical Society. There are also two minor articles which are not formally put forward by the chiefs of the faith, but which seem to meet with universal acceptance among them. One of these is, that any member is at liberty to profess what outward religion he pleases—and I say *profess*, because it is evident that the doctrines just indicated are in almost every single particular utterly subversive of the beliefs of an orthodox Catholic, or of a Sunni Mahommedan, to say nothing of other religions—the other, that the members of the society seem to derive, or hope to derive, some comfort from the study of books on divination and magic. Not only are the works of mediæval and other authors on these subjects repeatedly quoted with respect and approval in the lectures of the society, but the parent body is itself publishing translations of Hindu magical books, while the publisher who acts as their principal agent in England has for some time past been issuing reprints of such books as the (so-called) "Writings of Hermes," and the "Astrology of Guido Bonatus," together with very readable digests of the rambling of Paracelsus and Eliphas Lévi, and such small beer as modern handbooks on physiognomy and chiromancy.

The account given by the Theosophists of the origin of their whole system of teaching is, that it has been preserved from the earliest times by the adept brotherhood or their predecessors, and that glimpses of the truth have from time to time been afforded to the less-favored portions of the human race by means of secret initiations. In this way, they assert, the belief in occult science has been kept alive by the ancient mysteries, the Rosicrucians, and even by those Mrs. Harrises of history, the "original" Freemasons. At the same time, it is stated, rather inconsistently, that traces of it underlie all known religions, of which Theosophy is, in fact, the common foun-

dation. This does not appear at first sight a very tenable position, and its defenders have hitherto contented themselves (perhaps wisely) in asserting it *ex cathedra*, and without adducing either facts or arguments in its support.

I shall now attempt to show that the system of the modern Theosophists is derived from a source which, although of respectable antiquity, is neither so old nor so recondite as they would have us believe. But to do this it will be necessary to go back eight centuries.

The faith which the disciples received from their master was not allowed to remain for long in its original purity. Within seven years, according to a tradition which dates back to the second century, after the Ascension, a heresy appeared in the Church which under varying forms maintained its ground for six hundred years, and of which the traces have never perhaps been thoroughly eradicated. So long as the Christian faith was confined to the poor, the sad, and the oppressed, the simple teachings of Jesus were sufficient for its votaries. The widow mourning for her dead, the peasant worn down by labor, the barbarian slave torn from his home and subjected to the caprices of an alien master, all these received the "good news" of a loving Saviour, who would lead them to a life in the skies as happy as theirs on earth was miserable, with a gratitude entirely untainted by metaphysical doubts. But when the new faith, forcing its way upwards through the lower ranks of society, obtained a hearing among a class to whom material hardships were unknown, but who were eager for some "new thing" to assuage the intellectual cravings which the philosophies of the ancient world had failed to satisfy, it found itself confronted with a very different state of thought and with much greater requirements. "Whence is evil, and wherefore?" "And whence man, and how?" "And whence God?" were the questions that at the dawn of Christianity were, according to Tertullian, most frequently in the mouths of the learned, and the nature of the divine attributes, the beginning and the end of existence, and the limits of human knowledge had long formed the subjects of speculation to all schools of thought from the Pythagorean to the Platonic. On these problems the primitive Church was for some time silent, and the result was that attempt to combine the abstruse theories of the old religions with the young energies of the new which is generally known under the collective name of

Gnosticism. For some time this attempt seemed likely to be crowned with success. One Gnostic leader after another promulgated systems bearing a greater or less resemblance to Christianity, until at the close of the second century the churches of the Marcionite sect alone rivalled in number those of the orthodox, and the Gnostics comprised, in the words of Gibbon, "the most polite, the most learned, and the most wealthy of the Christian name." Then the Catholic Church roused itself in defence of the faith, and first by controversy, and then, as it became possible to use the secular arm, by persecution of the fiercest and cruellest kind, succeeded in crushing the heresy that at one time seemed likely to stifle altogether the growth of the new religion. But the heresy, though crushed, was not dead, and in the tenets of the Manichees and of their successors, the Paulicians, the Albigenses, and the Cathari, all the leading dogmas of the Gnostic faith reappeared. Some have thought, too, that they can detect traces of Gnosticism in the very little that we know of the heresies of the Lollards, the Beghards, and the Stedinger, and, in short, of all the sects which up to the time of the Protestant Reformation waged a spasmodic and hopeless warfare against Rome.

But the Reformation, and its Catholic sequel, by turning, as Mr. Lea points out in his recently published "History of the Inquisition," the attention of restless and inquiring intellects to the discussion of points within the limits of the Christian faith, gave a sharp check to philosophical speculation about the origin and government of the universe. And although Gnosticism, under the name of Antinomianism, seems to be responsible for some of the wilder doctrines of the sectaries who fought in the English and German civil wars of the seventeenth century, yet as an organized faith it speedily vanished from Europe, until it was drawn upon to supply whatever there is of coherence or consistency in the teachings of trans-Atlantic Theosophy.

For I think that if the doctrines of the Theosophical Society are compared with what has come down to us of the Gnostic tenets, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the latter system is not only the same in all points as the elder, but that the coincidence is too close to be the result of accident. "The fundamental doctrine," says Mr. King in his classical work, "The Gnostics and their Remains," "held in common by all the chiefs of the

gnosis was, that the whole creation was not the work of the Supreme Deity, but of the Demiurgus, a simple emanation and several degrees removed from the highest father." Now, not only does Madame Blavatsky, in her "Isis Unveiled," define "Demiurgus" as the "supernal power which built the universe," but she declares a little later that "we find the spirit of Esoteric Buddhism" (a name frequently applied by her to the Theosophical system) "in the doctrine of Plato and his followers that the *anima mundi*, or world-soul, was not the Deity but an emanation." As the *anima mundi* of the Platonists is a manifestation of the Demiurgus, we have here the "fundamental doctrine" of Mr. King stated almost in his own words. Another tenet which lay at the base of all Gnostic teaching was the corruption, or rather the malignity, of matter. "Ye fought with this world, and all the matter that is therein," says the Christ of the "Pistis Sophia" (the only Gnostic gospel which has yet been discovered) to his purified disciples, "and ye did not slacken your hands in fighting against it until ye had found out the mysteries of the Kingdom of Light." Dean Mansel also, in his work on the "Gnostic Heresies," speaks of "the malignity of matter which made it impossible for the Supreme God to have direct relation with the material world," as being the principal doctrine that the Gnostic leader Saturninus borrowed from the earlier heresiarchs. If we look now at "The Perfect Way," a book written by the late Dr. Anna Kingsford and Mr. Edward Maitland, which Colonel Olcott thinks will be "reckoned among the great books of the century," we find in a passage said to have been written "under inspiration:" "And God called him Satan the adversary, because matter opposeth spirit. . . . For the kingdom of Satan is the house of matter." And the final end of creation by the dissolution of matter, the absorption of all spirit into the soul of the world, and the reascent of the latter to the Deity is to be found in Matter's "Histoire du Gnosticisme" in these words: "Dès que tout est épuré, le monde, théâtre de ses (*i.e.*, man's) combats, cesse d'être, et le mal n'existe plus nulle part . . . et le but de la création sera accompli quand tout ce qui était émané, de Dieu sera rentré dans son sein." The belief in the government of the world by angels, or, as the Theosophists prefer to call them, intelligences, and the possibility of obtaining control over them, also formed part of every Gnostic system, and, indeed,

the spells which were engraven on gems for the accomplishment of the last-named purpose, form almost the only material record of these once powerful sects that has escaped the searching eye of the Catholic Church. It would, perhaps, be unnecessarily tedious to go at much length into the abstruse question of the triune nature of man as explained by Madame Blavatsky, and I will, therefore, content myself by quoting in this connection Mr. King's plaintive remark in the preface to his edition of two years ago, that "there seems reason for suspecting that the Sibyl of Esoteric Buddhism drew the first notions of her new religion from the analysis of the inner man as set forth in my first edition." Any impartial person who will compare Mr. King's scholarly and exhaustive book with the *olla podrida* of "Isis Unveiled," will see, I think, that there is very good reason for his suspicion indeed.

In like manner, the theory of purification by reincarnations, which Colonel Olcott defends in his lectures, and which Mr. Sinnett has elaborated in "The Occult World" and "Esoteric Buddhism," can be found very tersely given in the following passage of the "Pistis Sophia," where, after describing the passage of the soul of the dead through the several spiritual worlds, it is brought before "the Judge, the Virgin of Light. And she trieth that soul; and in case she shall find that soul to be sinful . . . she delivereth it to one of her receivers, who will see that it be placed in a body befitting the sins that it hath committed. And verily I say unto you, she shall not let the soul be released from the changes of its bodies until it shall have accomplished its uttermost cycle in the shapes whereof it may be deserving."

The practices also of the Theosophical Society seem to have been drawn exclusively from the sources from which I have tried to show that they have borrowed their doctrines. "To marry and to procreate children," says St. Irenæus, when speaking of the followers of Saturninus, "they say is of Satan. And many of those who are of him abstain also from animals, by that sort of pretended continence seducing many." The same species of asceticism is attributed to all the principal Gnostic sects, and one of them (the Encratites) is reported to have carried their objection to wine so far as to have substituted water in its place in the Eucharist. In their magical studies, too, the modern Theosophists are but pale copies of their

predecessors. "The mystic priests of these men," says St. Irenæus, in the passage from which I have before quoted, "perform works of magic, according to the power of each of them. They use exorcisms and incantations; philtres, too, and alluring charms, and those who are called familiars and spirits of dreams, and all other curious arts, are diligently made use of among them." In one particular, indeed, the Gnostics had much greater reason for the use of "curious arts" than the Theosophists; for while they based their hopes of salvation upon the gnosis or science which each man had to acquire for himself, the Theosophists claim to have had at their disposal (at any rate during the earlier stages of the movement) a perfect encyclopædia of all science in the shape of the adept brotherhood.

One point of the Theosophical system remains to be dealt with—the willingness of its adherents to profess any external creed. This is the more noteworthy, as it evidently formed no part of the original scheme of the society. Madame Blavatsky, as we have seen, displayed at the outset an almost rabid hatred of Christianity, which religion, she is good enough to tell us in "Isis Unveiled," "is on trial, and has been ever since Science felt strong enough to act as public prosecutor. A portion of the case we are drafting in this book." The case so drafted appears to consist chiefly of extracts from the book called "Supernatural Religion," and was clearly not strong enough for its purpose, as Christianity still survives, in spite of Madame Blavatsky and the Theosophical Society.

Under these circumstances a change of front was plainly desirable, and in 1883 the president, while declaring that "the society has no room for propagandists of any exclusive creed," announces that self-denying and conscientious men are "the kind of men we try to draw into our Theosophical Society. We never ask them what their creed is; we do not care. They may worship the god they see in the fire or the sun, or the divinity that for them infuses the substance of a Sivaic Lingam and animates its ultimate atoms; they may search for his glory at Mecca or Jerusalem; in the *kâbah* or fire-temple; at Benares or L'hassa; or in the ocean depths or the morning dawn." The meaning of which rhapsody seems to be that, as Colonel Olcott elsewhere puts it, "religion is most strictly a personal affair; every man makes his own religion and his own God," and so long as he supports the

propaganda of the Theosophic faith he may outwardly belong to any other that suits his convenience. In this also the society copies exactly the Gnostic practice. "It is a common charge," says Mr. King, "of the Fathers against the primitive Gnostics, that they outwardly conformed without scruple, in order to escape annoyance, to the established religion of whatever place they chanced to inhabit." The Gnostic Basilides, according to St. Irenæus, went even farther, and instructed his followers "to keep themselves individually and personally unknown to common men, and even to deny what they were."

I am afraid that I have no space to do more than touch upon the peculiar phraseology used by the chiefs of the society. But I may perhaps say, that any one who will take the trouble to refer to the works from which I have quoted above will have no difficulty in recognizing in the Gnostic writings nearly every term used by Theosophists which is not, for obvious reasons, expressed in an Oriental language. "The ideal thought" (*ennoia*) of the Deity, the "creative emanations" (*probolai*), the "great deep," and the "right and left hand paths" are thus to be found in St. Irenæus and the "Pistis Sophia," while the language in which Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky describe the adept brotherhood corresponds with tolerable closeness to the following words of Matter with regard to the Gnostics generally: "La seule classe d'initiés qu'on nous fasse connaître est la plus élevée, celle des élus: qu'on appelait aussi les étrangers à ce monde parce qu'ils étaient les habitués de la région supérieure ou hyperplanétaire."

Taking all these facts together, they seem to form a very strong proof that the system of the Theosophical Society has *not* been handed down from prehistoric times by secret and mysterious means, but has, on the contrary, been copied *en bloc* from the relics of Gnosticism. Their pretensions to the contrary argue, perhaps, no very keen sense of morality on the part of the founders; but there is no need to imitate Madame Blavatsky's method of controversy by imputing to them a corrupt motive. The assumption of superhuman knowledge has, in all ages, exercised an almost irresistible fascination over minds of a certain cast; and the extremity of self-deception to which it will carry its victims has been frequently shown. The obstinacy with which certain old women, a few centuries ago, preferred

to be burnt rather than deny the possession of preternatural powers, is one of the best as well as one of the most often quoted instances of this. There seems hardly any doubt that to this, rather than to any other cause, Gnosticism owed the singular vitality which it displayed during the earlier years of Christianity, and it may well account for what would otherwise appear to be a lack of candor on the part of its modern imitators.

It may possibly be thought that this also indicates a prolonged life for the new religion; but those who would thus argue might perhaps overlook a countervailing fact of great weight. Gnosticism had, at the beginning of our era, many points in its favor that it would not now have. The existence of a culture founded on a purely aristocratic basis, the tendency of the age to the pursuit of "curious arts" and mysteries of all kinds, and the absence of any scientific objections were but a few of these.

And yet Gnosticism failed, in the long run, to make head against what Mr. King calls "the unity and greater simplicity of Catholicism." One of the chief causes of this was its inherent tendency to split into almost as many sects as it had teachers. "They feel no reverence even towards their own chiefs," says Tertullian in a somewhat Hibernian passage; "and this is why there are commonly no schisms among heretics, because when there are any they appear not; for their very oneness is schism." It wants, indeed, no deep knowledge of human nature to see that this must of necessity be the case with a faith which claims for a few of its members a degree of illumination unattainable by the others. There are not wanting signs that the same disintegrating force is at work within the Theosophical Society, and it would not be difficult to show from their writings that its leaders are by no means at one in matters of faith.

It may also be noticed that the lodges in India outnumber those in the rest of the world by nearly four to one, and that the Indian lodges seem, from the names of their officers, to be largely composed of Bengalis of the "blameless Babu" stamp. To those who would see in this an indication of the superiority in intelligence and receptivity of the native over the European, I may perhaps commend the following sentence of Macaulay: "It is a mistake to suppose that subtle speculations touching the divine attributes, the origin of evil, the necessity of human actions, the foundation of moral obliga-

tion, imply any high degree of intellectual culture: such speculations are, on the contrary, in a peculiar manner the delight of intelligent children and of half-civilized men."

F. LEGGE.

From The Fortnightly Review.
PARALLELS TO IRISH HOME RULE.
BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

I AM not going to write anything new. Mr. Karl Blind may, if he chooses, throw aside these few pages unread, with the comment which his critical countrymen so often bestow upon writings which it is to be supposed that they have read, "Nichts neues." Whatever I am going to say now I have said already, either in the *Fortnightly Review* or in some other quarter. I was some time ago told by a shrewd American editor how soon one might venture to say the same thing again in a daily, a weekly, a monthly, and a quarterly periodical. After a certain number of days, weeks, and months, in each case, what one had said is certain to be forgotten. By his rule all that I have said on the matter must have been long ago forgotten, in this hemisphere at least. So I am not afraid to say some things again.

Now I have nothing, or next to nothing, to argue with Mr. Blind. There are very few of his facts that I have any wish to dispute. If on Danish or Hungarian matters he writes as a German, that is no special blame to Mr. Blind; it is what we all do all round. If I am perhaps more impartial than Mr. Blind about Denmark or Hungary, I should doubtless be less impartial about something else. What I do want to argue against, is not what Mr. Blind says, but what Mr. Blind says that other people say. Mr. Blind says that many false analogies have been quoted in the matter of Home Rule, and that many of them have been quoted by Mr. Gladstone. I have latterly got so weary of the speeches on both sides that I have failed to read all of them, even those of Mr. Gladstone. But I fully admit, from the memory of earlier speeches, that many of the analogies of which Mr. Blind speaks are quite false, and that some of the false analogies have been used by Mr. Gladstone. Having said thus much, I will go on to say what I really want to say about the matter; and I will try to put it in the clearest shape that I can, that is in a shape somewhat dry and formal.

The question "Shall Ireland have Home Rule?" involves two questions. The first is "What is Home Rule?" When we have defined Home Rule, we may go on to the second question, "Is Home Rule likely to be a good thing for Ireland or not?" It seems to me that a great many disputants on both sides have no right to say a word either way on the second question, because they have not fully made up their minds on the first.

Home Rule then, as I understood the words years ago, Home Rule, as it was set forth in Mr. Gladstone's bill, Home Rule, as it seemed to be generally understood by its supporters at the time when that bill was brought forward, means this. It is the relation of a dependency to a superior power, when the dependency has the management of its own internal affairs, but has to follow the superior power in all its matters other than its own internal affairs. This is a relation which has existed between greater and smaller communities in various times and places and which in various places exists still. It is the relation which prevails in all parts of the queen's dominions other than the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, the empire of India, and such crown colonies, military settlements, and the like, as have not received a representative constitution. It is the relation in which the Isle of Man and the Channel Islands have stood for ages to the crown of England. It is the relation in which the great colonies of England or of the United Kingdom stand, by virtue of comparatively recent acts of Parliament, to the crown of the United Kingdom. In all these cases the dependent community has its local legislature and administration, and, as a rule, it manages all internal affairs for itself. But the dependent community has no voice in the general affairs of the queen's dominions, because it is not represented in the Parliament of the United Kingdom, while the Parliament of the United Kingdom can, when it chooses, legislate for the dependent community.

This state of things, old in some parts of the queen's dominions, new in others, but well understood in all, Mr. Gladstone's bill proposed to extend to Ireland. He did not propose to enact for Ireland an exact copy of the constitution of Jersey or of the constitution of Victoria. It is not necessary to the existence of Home Rule that the powers granted to or acknowledged in the dependent community should be exactly the same in every case, any more than it is necessary to the exist-

ence of a federation that the powers kept by the States and the powers granted by the States to the Union should be exactly the same in every case. It is enough that they follow the same general lines; that they come within the definition of the two political relations.* And what Mr. Gladstone proposed for Ireland did follow the same general lines as both the older and the newer instances, the lines of independence within and subjection without. Representative Irishmen said at the time that they wished to be as Canada, and Mr. Gladstone's bill would have made Ireland as Canada in all essential points.

Of examples of Home Rule in other times and places it would be easy to make a list. There are the relations between Athens and the more favored of its allies, as Chios and Methymna. There are the relations between Rome and a crowd of dependent kingdoms and commonwealths, beginning with the Italian allies. To leap to later times, there are the relations in which Servia lately stood, and in which Samos now stands, to the Turk. There is the relation in which the kingdom of Poland stood from 1815 to 1830 to the empire of Russia, and that in which the grand duchy of Finland still stands to that empire. There is the relation between Denmark and Iceland. There is, oddly enough and quite casually, the relation between the United States and its Territories.† And, though differing in some points, the relations between Hungary and Croatia come quite near enough to allow us to put Croatia among the countries where Home Rule is of old standing. In all these cases, with any differences between any one among them and any others, there is the same general relation, independence within, dependence without. No doubt other instances could be found; but these are quite enough.

Now this relation of Home Rule, as above defined, must be carefully distinguished from two relations with which it often gets confounded. There is, first, the federal relation, such as we see on a great scale in the union of the States in

North America and on a smaller scale in the union of the cantons of Switzerland. The only point of likeness between this relation and that of Home Rule is that in both there is a division of powers. Things belonging to one State only are settled by that State; things common to all the States are settled by the common power, the Union. But federation differs from Home Rule in this, that there is no relation of dependency. The States are not dependencies of the Union; the Union has simply such powers as the States have chosen to grant to it.* Canada has Home Rule by a grant from Great Britain; if Ireland ever has Home Rule, it will be practically, though perhaps not formally, by a grant from Great Britain. But the several States and cantons of a confederation do not hold their powers by a grant from the union; it is quite the other way.

Still less has Home Rule in common with another kind of relation with which it has often been confounded, that where two kingdoms or other States, each keeping its distinct being, are united under a common prince. Here again, if the States be constitutional, each will settle its own affairs for itself; common affairs will be settled as may be arranged in the terms of union. This is not the same as the federal relation, though this and the federal relation come much nearer to one another than either of them does to Home Rule. Here again there is no dependence, at least no formal dependence; † there is no grant of powers from either State to the other. Instances of this state of things will be found in the relations between Great Britain and Ireland from 1782 to 1800, in the present relations between the kingdoms of Sweden and Norway, in the relations in which the kingdom of Hungary and its *partes annexæ* stand to the archduchy of Austria and certain other possessions of the sovereign of Austria. It is an insult to the independent kingdom of Hungary to speak of its possessing Home Rule. What Hungary did in 1867 was to establish its lawful and ancient

* It does not matter, for instance, how the relation came about. In Canada and Australia all the powers of the colony are strictly grants from Great Britain. But the powers of the local bodies in Man and the Channel Islands are certainly not grants from England. The question rather is how those islands became dependencies of England.

† I mean that the relation between the Union and the Territories is Home Rule by a kind of accident. The Territory means some day to be a State, that is, to be no longer a dependency. Then its Home Rule will be exchanged for something higher.

* Therefore the Canadian federation is not strictly a federation. The States have only such powers as are expressly given to them; the *reserved rights* are in the union. In a true confederation the union has only such powers as are expressly given to it; the reserved rights are in the States.

† I say "no formal dependence," because it is possible that there may be practical dependence. Ireland could have no foreign policy of its own between 1782 and 1800. As Mr. Blind points out, Norway, though it has kept its independence, has not done so without an effort.

rights against a foreign oppressor, and, thereby, of its own free will, to turn the oppressor into a lawful king.

It follows that illustrations drawn from federal States and from States united by a personal union can prove nothing for or against Home Rule. They can at most prove that a division of powers is possible, and that it has worked well or ill in this or that case; they can prove nothing directly as to that particular form of the division of powers which constitutes Home Rule. The question then comes, What is proved by the other cases of real Home Rule? Not very much perhaps, but still something. To show that Home Rule is a relation which has existed and does exist in several parts of the world, and pre-eminently in our own queen's dominions, certainly proves that it is a possible relation, and not some wild and monstrous thing never heard of before Mr. Gladstone's Bill. If it can be shown to have succeeded in some cases and to have failed in others, that shows that it is like all other political relations, neither universally good nor universally bad, but capable of being good or bad, according to circumstances. If Home Rule has ever succeeded, it follows that it may possibly succeed in Ireland; if it has ever failed, it follows that it may possibly fail in Ireland. All depends on the circumstances of Ireland as compared with the circumstances of the other cases. For my own part, though I have often, in speaking and writing, quoted such illustrations as seemed to me to be real instances of Home Rule, I do not think that I have ever used them to prove more than what I have just now said, that Home Rule is not a new and monstrous thing, but a perfectly well-known political relation. And this is a point of real and great importance to maintain, when people at the mention of Home Rule go off into wild talk about "disintegration of the empire," and what not.

Having then settled what Home Rule is and what it is not, what among past or present political relations are real instances of it and what are not, comes the more direct practical question, Is Home Rule likely to do good to Ireland or evil? Here the illustrations will come in in another shape; that is, we may fairly use their experience for what it is worth, not very much, perhaps, but still something. That is, it may be worth as much as any other arguments from mere analogies and precedents. Only the questions of likeness

of political relation and likeness of circumstances must be carefully kept apart. Here, I think, is the weak point of Mr. Blind's argument; he mixes up the two. He easily shows that the relation between Hungary and Austria has nothing to do with Home Rule. When Mr. Blind deals with the relations between Denmark and Iceland, between Russia and Finland, he goes off into other points which have nothing to do with the political relation, but which have something to do with the different circumstances of the two cases. Mr. Blind may be right or wrong in his facts, right or wrong in his inferences from those facts; they may or may not show that the experience of Denmark or Iceland proves nothing from which we can argue as to the probable success or failure of Home Rule in Ireland; they do not set aside the earlier fact that the political relation is essentially the same in the two cases.

The question then is, or lately was, Is that particular relation called Home Rule, the relation of a dependency managing its internal affairs, the relation proposed in Mr. Gladstone's bill and which seemed to be accepted by Irishmen at the time, likely to work well or ill in the particular case of Ireland? In arguing this point, the experience of other countries where Home Rule exists or has existed may be fairly quoted on either side. It is perfectly fair to quote Poland on one side and Finland on the other.* Neither reference may really prove very much; but either reference is to the point and is reasonable in point of form. Either reference is at least entitled to a relevant and reasonable answer. It is not my business to argue any of these points. I am only trying to show what it is that we are or ought to be disputing about.

Only the question now comes whether we are not likely to have to dispute about something quite different from what we have been disputing about hitherto. Of Home Rule, as I understand it, of Home Rule as it was set forth in Mr. Gladstone's Bill, it is an essential feature that the dependency should not be represented in the Parliament of the power of which it is a dependency. There is now a loud out-

* I think I may say this, even admitting Mr. Blind's facts. Russia may (or may not) have the subtle purposes which he attributes to her; Finland might (or might not) have made greater progress if she had remained attached to Sweden. But Mr. Blind does not allege that the terms of the union have been broken by Russia. He does not allege that Finland has any such grievances as Poland certainly had in 1830.

cry, to which Mr. Gladstone himself is said to have yielded, in favor of giving Ireland a separate Parliament and yet of allowing Irish members to have seats in the Parliament at Westminster. The proposal is not new; I found something to say about it in the *Fortnightly Review* fifteen years back. I am not going now to argue for or against it. I only say now that it is a wholly different proposal from the old one. It may be better or worse; but it is different. To keep the Irish members at Westminster is not, like many things in Mr. Gladstone's bill, a matter of detail, not affecting the general question. It is an essential point one way or the other; it makes the question a wholly new one. It is a proposal, not of mere Home Rule for Ireland, but of something much more. It is a proposal which has no meaning except as a step to a change within Great Britain itself. It is indeed avowed by some of its supporters that it is a step towards changing the present relation of the different parts of Great Britain into a federal relation. I am not now arguing for or against such a relation; I said something about that in this review three years back. All I say now is that the proposal is something quite different from Irish Home Rule, and that it must be dealt with as a wholly new proposal, to be proposed, attacked, and defended, on its own merits and demerits. If we do think it right to divide the kingdoms of England and Scotland into the smaller elements out of which those kingdoms were put together — for that is what any scheme of federation within Great Britain must come to — let us do it with our eyes open. It is much too big a thing to be done by a side-wind. If I am, when the next Parliament comes together, to find myself in a canton of Wessex, perhaps in a canton much smaller than Wessex, I desire that the change may at least be made with all deliberation, because a majority of the people of Great Britain are convinced that such a change would be an improvement in itself. It must not come in as a consequence or corollary of Irish Home Rule. If such a radical change as this, the greatest ever proposed since King William came into England, is really to be made, let it be made on its own merits; let us not be led into it either because we have done something else, or because we are thinking of doing something else. The two kingdoms of this island are something too great and illustrious to be made the *corpus vile* of experiments.

From Temple Bar.

SIR CHARLES DANVERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DANVERS JEWELS."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"UNCLE JOHN," said Ruth next morning, taking Mr. Alwynn aside after breakfast, "we are leaving by the early train, are we not?"

"No, my love, it is quite impossible. I have several papers to identify and rearrange."

"We have stayed a day longer than we intended, as it is. Most of the others go early. Do let us go too."

"It is most natural, I am sure, my dear, that you should wish to get home," said Mr. Alwynn, looking with sympathetic concern at his niece; "and why your aunt has not forwarded your letters I can't imagine. But still, if we return by the mid-day train, Ruth, you will have plenty of time to answer any letters that — ahem! — seem to require immediate attention, before the post goes; and I don't see my way to being ready earlier."

Ruth had not even been thinking of Dare and his letters; but she saw that by the early train she was not destined to depart, and watched the other guests take leave with an envious sigh. She was anxious to be gone. The last evening, after the episode in the library, had been interminably long. Already the morning, though breakfast was hardly over, seemed to have dragged itself out to days in length. A sense of constraint between two people who understand and amuse each other is very galling. Ruth had felt it so. All the previous evening Charles had hardly spoken to her, and had talked mainly to Lady Hope-Acton, who was somewhat depressed, and another elder lady. A good-night and a flat candlestick can be presented in a very distant manner, and as Ruth received hers from Charles that evening, and met the grave, steady glance that was directed at her, she perceived that he had not forgiven her for what she had said.

She felt angry again at the idea that he should venture to treat her with a coldness which seemed to imply that she had been in the wrong. The worst of it was that she felt she was to blame; that she had no right whatever to criticise Charles and his actions. What concern were they of hers? How much more suitable, how much more eloquent, a dignified silence would have been! She could not imagine now, as she thought it over, why she had been so unreasonably annoyed at the mo-

ment as to say what she had done. Yet the reason was not far to seek, if she had only known where to lay her hand on it. She was uneasy, impatient; she longed to get out of the house. And it was still early; only eleven. Eleven till twelve. Twelve till one. One till half past. Two whole hours and a half to be got through before the Stoke Moreton omnibus would bear her away. She looked round for a refuge during that weary age, and found it nearer than many poor souls do in time of need, namely, at her elbow, in the shape, the welcome shape of the shy man, almost the only remnant of the large party whose dispersion she had just been watching. Whenever Ruth thought of that shy man afterwards, which was not often, it was with a sincere hope that he had forgotten the forwardness of her behavior on that particular morning. She wished to see the picture-gallery. She would of all things like a walk afterwards. No, she had not been as far as the beech avenue; but she would like to go. Should they look at the pictures first — now — no time like the present. How pleased he was! How proud! He felt that his shyness had gone forever, that Miss Deyncourt would, no doubt, like to hear a few anecdotes of his college life, that a quiet man, who does not make himself cheap to start with, often wins in the end, that Miss Deyncourt had unusual appreciation, not only for pictures, but for reserved and intricate characters that yet (here he ventured on a little joke, and laughed at it himself) had their lighter side. And in the long picture-gallery Ruth and he studied the old masters, as they had seldom been studied before, with an intense and ignorant interest on the one hand, and an entire absence of mind on the other.

Charles, who had done a good deal of pacing up and down his room the night before, and had arrived at certain conclusions, passed through the gallery once, but did not stop. He looked grave and preoccupied, and hardly answered a question of Mr. Conway's about one of the pictures.

Half past eleven at last. A tall, inlaid clock in the gallery mentioned the hour by one sedate stroke; the church clock told the village the time of day a second later. They had nearly finished the pictures. Never mind. She could take half an hour to put on her hat, and surely any beech avenue, even on a dull day like this, might serve to while away the remaining hour before luncheon.

They had come to the last picture of the

Danvers collection, and Ruth was dwelling fondly on a very well-developed cow by Cuyp, as if she could hardly tear herself away from it, when she heard a step coming up the staircase from the hall, and presently Charles pushed open the carved folding-doors which shut off the gallery from the rest of the house, and looked in. She was conscious that he was standing in the doorway, but new beauties in the cow, which had hitherto escaped her, engaged her whole attention at the moment, and no one can attend to two things at once.

Charles did not come any further; but, standing in the doorway, he called to the shy man, who went to him, and the two talked together for a few moments. Ruth gazed upon the cow until it became so fixed upon the retina of her eye that, when she tried to admire an old Florentine cabinet near it, she still saw its portrait, and when in desperation she turned away to look out of the window, across the sky and sloping park, the shadow of the cow hung like a portent.

A moment later Mr. Conway came hurrying back to her much perturbed, to say he had quite forgotten till this moment, had not in the least understood, in fact, etc., etc. Danvers's grey cob, that he had thoughts of buying, was waiting at the door for him to try — in fact, had been waiting some time. No idea, upon his soul —

Ruth cut his apology short before he had done more than flounder well into it.

"You must go and try it at once," she said with decision; and then she added, as Charles drew near, "I have changed my mind about going out. It looks as if it might turn to rain. I shall get through some arrears of letter-writing instead."

Mr. Conway stammered and repeated himself, and finally rushed out of the gallery. Ruth expected that Charles would accompany him, but he remained standing near the window, apparently engaged like herself in admiring the view.

"It struck me," he said slowly, with his eyes half shut, "that Conway proved rather a broken reed just now."

"He did," said Ruth. She suddenly felt that she could understand what it was in Charles that exasperated Lady Mary so much.

He came a step nearer, and his manner altered.

"I sent him away," he said, looking gravely at her, "because I wished to speak to you."

Ruth did not answer or turn her head,

though she felt he was watching her. Her eyes absently followed two young fallow deer in the park, cantering away in a series of hops on their long, stiff legs.

"I cannot speak to you here," said Charles, after a pause.

Ruth turned round.

"Silence is golden sometimes. I think quite enough has been said already."

"Not by me. You expressed yourself with considerable frankness. I wish to follow your example."

"You said I was unjust at the time. Surely that was sufficient."

"So insufficient, that I am going to repeat it. I tell you again that you are unjust in not being willing to hear what I have to say. I have seen a good deal of harm done by misunderstandings, Miss Deyncourt. Pride is generally at the bottom of them. We are both suffering from a slight attack of that malady now. But I value your good opinion too much to hesitate if by any little sacrifice of my own pride I can still retain it. If, after your remarks yesterday, I can make the effort (and it *is* an effort) to ask you to hear something I wish to say, you, on your side, ought not to refuse to listen. It is not a question of liking; you *ought* not to refuse."

He spoke in an authoritative tone, which gave weight to his words, and in spite of herself she saw the truth of what he said. She was one of those rare women who, being convinced against their will, are *not* of the same opinion still. It was ignominious to have to give way; but, after a moment's struggle with herself, she surmounted her dislike to being overruled, together with a certain unreasoning tenacity of opinion natural to her sex, and said quietly, —

"What do you wish me to do?"

Charles saw the momentary struggle, and honored her for a quality which women seldom give men occasion to honor them for.

"Do you dislike walking?"

"No."

"Then, if you will come out of doors, where there is less likelihood of interruption than in the house, I will wait for you here."

She went silently down the picture-gallery, half astonished to find herself doing his bidding. She put on her walking-things mechanically, and came back in a few minutes to find him standing where she had left him. In silence they went down-stairs, and through the piazza with its flowering orange-trees, out into the

gardens, where, on the stone balustrade, the peacocks were attitudinizing and conversing in the high key in which they always proclaim a change of weather and their innate vulgarity to the world. Charles led the way towards a little rushing brook which divided the gardens from the park.

"I think you must have had a very low opinion of me beforehand to say what you did yesterday," he remarked suddenly.

"I was angry," said Ruth. "However true what I said may have been, I had no right to say it to — a comparative stranger. That is why I repeat that it would be better not to make matters worse by mentioning the subject again. It is sure to annoy us both. Let it rest."

"Not yet," said Charles dryly. "As a comparative stranger, I want to know" — stopping and facing her — "exactly what you mean by saying that she, Lady Grace, did not understand the rules of the game."

"I cannot put it in other words," said Ruth, her courage rising as she felt that a battle was imminent.

"Perhaps I can for you. Perhaps you meant to say that you believed I was in the habit of amusing myself at other people's expense; that — I see your difficulty in finding the right words — that it was my evil sport and pastime to — shall we say — raise expectations which it was not my intention to fulfil?"

"It is disagreeably put," said Ruth, reddening a little; "but possibly I did mean something of that kind."

"And how have you arrived at such an uncharitable opinion of a comparative stranger?" asked Charles, quietly enough, but his light eyes flashing.

She did not answer.

"You are not a child, to echo the opinion of others," he went on. "You look as if you judged for yourself. What have I done since I met you first, three months ago, to justify you in holding me in contempt?"

"I did not say I held you in contempt."

"You must do, though, if you think me capable of such meanness."

Silence again.

"You have pushed me into saying more than I meant," said Ruth at last; "at least you have said I mean a great deal more than I really do. To be honest, I think you have thoughtlessly given a good deal of pain. I dare say you did it unconsciously."

"Thank you. You are very charitable, but I cannot shield myself under the supposition that at eight-and-thirty I am a

creature of impulse, unconscious of the meaning of my own actions."

"If that is the case," thought Ruth, "your behavior to me has been inexcusable, especially the last few days; though, fortunately for myself, I was not deceived by it."

"If you persist in keeping silence," said Charles, after waiting for her to speak, "any possibility of conversation is at an end."

"I did not come out here for conversation," replied Ruth. "I came, not by my own wish, to hear something you said you particularly desired to say. Do you not think the simplest thing, under the circumstances, would be — to say it?"

He gave a short laugh, and looked at her in sheer desperation. Did she know what she was pushing him into?

"I had forgotten," he said. "It was in my mind all the time; but now you have made it easy for me indeed by coming to my assistance in this way. I will make a fresh start."

He compressed his lips, and seemed to pull himself together. Then he said, in a very level voice, —

"Kindly give me your whole attention, Miss Deyncourt, so that I shall not be obliged to repeat anything. The deer are charming, I know; but you have seen deer before, and will no doubt again. I am sorry that I am obliged to speak to you about myself, but a little autobiography is unavoidable. Perhaps you know that about three years ago I succeeded my father. From being penniless, and head over ears in debt, I became suddenly a rich man; not by my father's will, who entailed every acre of the estates here and elsewhere on Ralph, and left everything he could to him. I had thought of telling you what my best friends have never known, why I am not still crippled by debt. I had thought of telling you why at five-and-thirty I was still unmarried, for my debts were not the reason; but I will not trouble you with that now. It is enough to say that I found myself in a position which, had I been a little younger, with rather a different past, I should have enjoyed more than I did. I was well received in English society when, after a lapse of several years and a change of fortune, I returned to it. If I had thought I was well received for myself, I should have been a fool. But I came back disillusioned. I saw the machinery. When you reflect on the vast and intricate machinery employed by mothers with grown-up daughters, you may imagine what I

saw. In all honesty and sincerity I wished to marry; but in the ease with which I saw I could do so lay my chief difficulty. I did not want a new toy, but a companion. I suppose I still clung to one last illusion, that I might meet a woman whom I could love, and who would love me, and not my name or income. I could not find her, but I still believed in her. I went everywhere in the hope of meeting her, and, if others have ever been disappointed in me, they have never known how disappointed I have been in them. For three years I looked for her everywhere; but I could not find her, and at last I gave her up. And then — I met Lady Grace Lawrence, and liked her. I had reason to believe she could be disinterested. She came of good people — all Lawrences are good; she was simple and unspoilt, and she seemed to like me. When I look back I believe that I had decided to ask her to marry me, and that it was only by the merest chance that I left London without speaking to her. What prevented me I hardly know, unless it was a reluctance at the last moment to cast the die. I came down to Atherstone, harassed and anxious, tired of everything and everybody, and there," said Charles, with sudden passion, turning and looking full at Ruth, "there I met *you*."

The blood rushed to her face and she hastily interposed.

"I don't see any necessity to bring my name in."

"Perhaps not," he returned, recovering himself instantly; "unfortunately, I do."

"You expect too much of my vanity," said Ruth, her voice trembling a little; "but in this instance I don't think you can turn it to account. I beg you will leave me out of the question."

"I am sorry I cannot oblige you," he said grimly; "but you can't be left out. I only regret that you dislike being mentioned, because that is a mere nothing to what is coming."

She trusted that he did not perceive that the reason she made no reply was because she suddenly felt herself unable to articulate. Her heart was beating wildly, as that gentle, well-conducted organ had never beaten before. What was coming? Could this stern, determined man be the same apathetic, sarcastic being whom she had hitherto known?

"From that time," he continued, "I became surer and surer, of what at first I hardly dared to hope, what it seemed presumption in me to hope, namely, that at

last I had found what I had looked for in vain so long. I had to keep my engagement with the Hope-Actons in Scotland; but I regretted it. I stayed as short a time as I could. I did not ask them to come here. They offered themselves. I think, if I have been to blame, it has not been in so heartless a manner as you supposed; and it appears to me Lady Hope-Acton should not have come. This is my explanation. You can add the rest for yourself. Have I said enough to soften your harsh judgment of yesterday?"

Ruth could not speak. The trees were behaving in the most curious manner, were whirling round, were swaying up and down. The beeches close in front were dancing quadrilles; now ranged in two long rows, now setting to partners, now hurrying back to their places as she drew near.

"Sit down," said Charles's voice gently; "you look tired."

The trunk of a fallen tree suddenly appeared rising up to meet her out of a slight mist, and she sat down on it more precipitately than she could have wished. In a few seconds the trees returned to their places, and the mist, which appeared to be very local, cleared away.

Charles was sitting on the trunk beside her, looking at her intently. The anger had gone out of his face, and had given place to a look of deep anxiety and suspense.

"I have not finished yet," he said, and his voice had changed as much as his face. "There is still something more."

"No, no," said Ruth. "At least, if there is, don't say it."

"I think I would rather say it. You wish to save me pain, I see; but I am quite prepared for what you are going to say. I did not intend to speak to you on the subject for a long time to come, but yesterday's event has forced my hand. There must be no more misunderstandings between us. You intend to refuse me, I can see. All the same, I wish to tell you that I love you, and to ask you to be my wife."

"I am afraid I cannot," said Ruth almost inaudibly.

"No," said Charles, looking straight before him, "I have asked you too soon. You are quite right. I did not expect anything different; I only wished you to know. But, perhaps, some day —"

"Don't!" said Ruth, clasping her hands tightly together. "You don't know what you are saying. Nothing can make any difference, because — I am engaged."

She dared not look at his face, but she saw his hand clench.

For an age neither spoke.

Then he turned his head slowly and looked at her. His face was grey even to the lips. With a strange, swift pang at the heart, she saw how her few words had changed it.

"To whom?" he said at last, hardly above a whisper.

"To Mr. Dare."

"Not that man who has come to live at Vandon?"

"Yes."

Another long silence

"When was it?"

"Ten days ago."

"Ten days ago," repeated Charles mechanically, and his face worked. "Ten days ago!"

"It is not given out yet," said Ruth, hesitating, "because Mr. Alwynn does not wish it during Lord Polesworth's absence. I never thought of any mistake being caused by not mentioning it. I would not have come here if I had had the least idea that —"

"You cannot mean to say that you had never seen that I — what I — felt for you?"

"Indeed I never thought of such a thing, until two minutes before you said it. I am very sorry I did not, but I imagined —"

"Let me hear what you imagined."

"I noticed you talked to me a good deal; but I thought you did exactly the same to Lady Grace, and others."

"You could not imagine that I talked to others — to any other woman in the world — as I did to you."

"I supposed," said Ruth simply, "that you talked gaily to Lady Grace because it suited her; and more gravely to me, because I am naturally grave. I thought at the time you were rather clever in adapting yourself to different people so easily; and I was glad that I understood your manner better than some of the others."

"Better!" said Charles bitterly. "Better, when you thought that of me! No, you need not say anything. I was in fault, not you. I don't know what right I had to imagine you understood me — you seemed to understand me — to fancy that we had anything in common, that in time —" He broke into a low, wretched laugh. "And all the while you were engaged to another man. Good God! what a farce! what a miserable mistake from first to last!"

Ruth said nothing. It was indeed a miserable mistake.

He rose wearily to his feet.

"I was forgetting," he said; "it is time to go home." And they went back together in silence, which was more bearable than speech just then.

The peacocks were still pirouetting and minuetting on the stone balustrade as they came back to the garden. The gong began to sound as they entered the piazza.

To Ruth it was a dreadful meal. She tried to listen to Mr. Conway's account of the grey cob, or to the placid conversation of Mr. Alwynn about the beloved manuscripts. Fortunately the morning papers were full of a recent forgery in America, and a murder in London, which furnished topics when these were exhausted, and Charles used them to the utmost.

At last the carriage came. Mr. Alwynn and Mr. Conway simultaneously broke into incoherent ejaculations respecting the pleasure of their visit; Ruth's hand met Charles's for an embarrassed second; and a moment later they were whirling down the straight, wide approach, between the columns of fantastically clipped hollies, leaving Charles standing in the doorway. He was still standing there when the carriage rolled under the arched gateway with its rampant stone lions. Ruth glanced back once as they turned into the road, at the stately old house, with its pointed gables and forests of chimneys cutting the grey sky line. She saw the owner turn slowly and go up the steps, and looked hastily away again.

"Poor Danvers!" said Mr. Alwynn cheerfully, also looking and putting Ruth's thoughts into words. "He must be desperately lonely in that house all by himself; but I suppose he is not often there."

And Mr. Alwynn, whose mind had been entirely relieved since Ruth's engagement from the dark suspicion he had once harbored respecting Charles, proceeded to dilate upon the merits of the charters, and of the owner of the charters, until he began to think Ruth had a headache, and, finding it to be the case, talked no more till they reached, at the end of their little journey, the door of Slumberleigh Rectory.

"Is it very bad?" he asked kindly, as he helped her out of the carriage.

Ruth assented, fortunately with some faint vestige of truth, for her hat hurt her forehead.

"Then run straight up to your own room, and I will tell your aunt that you will come and have a chat with her later

on; perhaps after tea, when the post will be gone." Mr. Alwynn spoke in the whisper of stratagem.

Ruth was only too thankful to be allowed to slip on tiptoe to her own room, but she had not been there many minutes when a tap came to the door.

"There, my dear," said Mr. Alwynn, putting his head in, and holding some letters towards her. "Your aunt ought to have forwarded them. I brought them up at once. And there is nearly an hour to post-time, and she won't expect you to come down till then. I think the headache will be better now, eh?"

He nodded kindly at her, and closed the door again. Ruth sat down mechanically, and began to sort the packet he had put into her hands. The first three letters were in the same handwriting, Dare's large, vague handwriting that ran from one end of the envelope to the other, and partly hid itself under the stamp.

She looked at them, but did not open them. A feeling of intense lassitude and fatigue had succeeded to the unconscious excitement of the morning. She could not read them now. They must wait with the others. Presently she could feel an interest in them; not now.

She leaned her head upon her hand, and a rush of pity swept away every other feeling as she recalled that last look at Stoke Moreton, and how Charles had turned so slowly and wearily to go indoors. There was an ache at her heart as she thought of him, a sense of regret and loss. And he had loved her all the time!

"If I had only known!" she said to herself, pressing her hands against her forehead. "But how could I tell — how could I tell?"

She raised her head with a sudden movement, and began with nervous fingers to open Dare's letters, and read them carefully.

CHAPTER XIX.

In the long evening that followed Ruth's departure from Stoke Moreton, Charles was alone for once in his own home. He was leaving again early on the morrow, but for the time he was alone, and heavy at heart. He sat for hours without stirring, looking into the fire. He had no power or will to control his thoughts. They wandered hither and thither, and up and down, never for a moment ceasing the dull miserable pain that lay beneath them all.

Fool! fool that he had been!

To have found her after all these years,

and to have lost her without a stroke ! To have let another take her, and such a man as Dare ! To have such a fool's manner that he was thought to be in earnest when he was least so ; that now, when his whole future hung in the balance, retribution had overtaken him, and with bitter irony had mocked at his earnestness and made it of none effect ! She had thought it was his natural manner to all. His cursed folly had lost her to him. If she had known, surely it would have been, it must have been different. At heart Charles was a very humble man, though it was not to be expected many would think so ; but nevertheless he had a deep, ever-deepening consciousness (common to the experience of the humblest once in a lifetime), that between him and Ruth that mysterious link of mutual understanding and sympathy existed, which cannot be accounted for, which eludes analysis, which yet makes, when the sex happens to be identical, the indissoluble friendship of a David and a Jonathan, a Karlos and a Posa ; and, where there is a difference of sex, brings about that rarest wonder of the world — a happy marriage.

Like cleaves to like. He knew she would have loved him. She was his by right. The same law of attraction which had lifted them at once out of the dreary flats of ordinary acquaintanceship would have drawn them ever closer and closer together till they were knit in one. He knew, with a certainty that nothing could shake, that he could have made her love him, even as he loved her ; unconsciously at first, slowly perhaps, for the current of strong natures, like that of deep rivers, is sometimes slow. Still the end would have been the same.

And he had lost her by his own act, by his own heedless folly ; her want of vanity having lent a hand the while to put her beyond his reach forever.

It was a bitter hour.

And as he sat late into the night beside the fire, that died down to dust and ashes before his absent eyes, ghosts of other heavy hours, ghosts of the past which he had long since buried out of his sight, came back and would not be denied.

To live much in the past is a want of faith in the Power that gives the present. Comparatively few men walk through their lives looking backwards. Women more frequently do so from a false estimate of life fostered by romantic feeling in youth, which leads them, if the life of the affections is ended, resolutely to refuse to regard existence in any other ma-

turer aspect, and to persist in wandering aimlessly forward, with eyes turned ever on the dim flowery paths of former days.

"Let the dead past bury its dead."

But there comes a time, when the grass has grown over those graves, when we may do well to go and look at them once more ; to stand once again in that solitary burial-ground, "where," as an earnest man has said, "are buried broken vows, worn-out hopes, joys blind and deaf, faiths betrayed or gone astray, lost, lost love ; silent spaces where only one mourner ever comes."

And to the least retrospective of us our dead past yet speaks at times, and speaks as one having authority.

Such a time had come for Charles now. From the open grave of his love for Ruth he turned to look at others by which he had stood long ago, in grief as sharp, but which yet in all its bitterness had never struck as deep as this.

Memory pointed back to a time twenty years ago, when he had hurried home through a long summer night to arrive at Stoke Moreton too late ; to find only the solemn shadow of the mother whom he had loved, and whom he had grieved ; too late to ask for forgiveness ; too late for anything but a wild passion of grief and remorse, and frantic self-accusation.

The scene shifted to ten years later. It was a sultry July evening of the day on which the woman whom he had loved for years had married his brother. He was standing on the deck of the steamer which was taking him from England, looking back at the grey town dwindling against the tawny curtain of the sunset. In his brain was a wild clamor of wedding bells, and across the water, marking the pulse of the sea, came to his outward ears the slow tolling of a bell on a sunken rock near the harbor mouth.

It seemed to be tolling for the death of all that remained of good in him. In losing Evelyn, whom he had loved with all the idealism and reverence of a reckless man for a good woman, he believed, in the bitterness of his spirit, that he had lost all ; that he had been cut adrift from the last mooring to a better future, that nothing could hold him back now. And for a time it had been so, and he had drowned his trouble in a sea in which he well-nigh drowned himself as well.

Once more memory pointed — pointed across five dark years to an evening when he had sat as he was sitting now, alone by the wide stone hearth in the hall at Stoke Moreton, after his father's death, and after

the reading of the will. He was the possessor of the old home, which he had always passionately loved, from which he had been virtually banished so long. His father, who had never liked him, but who of late years had hated him, as men only hate their eldest sons, had left all in his power to his second son, had entailed every acre of the Stoke Moreton and other family properties upon him and his children. Charles could touch nothing, and over him hung a millstone of debt, from which there was now no escape. He sat with his head in his hands, the man whom his friends were envying on his accession to supposed wealth and position — ruined.

A few days later he was summoned to London by a friend whom he had known for many years. He remembered well that last meeting with the stern old man whom he had found sitting in his armchair with death in his face. He had once or twice remonstrated with Charles in earlier days, and as he came into his presence now for the last time, and met his severe glance, he supposed, with the callousness that comes from suffering which has reached its lowest depths, that he was about to rebuke him again.

"And so," said General Marston sternly, "you have come into your kingdom; into what you deserve."

"Yes," said Charles. "If it is any pleasure to you to know that what you prophesied on several occasions has come true, you can enjoy it. I am ruined."

"You fool!" said the sick man slowly. "To have come to five-and-thirty, and to have used up everything which makes life worth having. I am not speaking only of money. There is a bankruptcy in your face that money will never pay. And you had talent and a good heart and the making of a man in you once. I saw that when your father turned you adrift. I saw that when you were at your worst after your brother's marriage. Yes, you need not start. I knew your secret and kept it as well as you did yourself. I tried to stop you; but you went your own way."

Charles was silent. It was true, and he knew it.

"And so you thought, I suppose, that if your father had made a just will you could have retrieved yourself?"

"I know I could," said Charles firmly; "but he left the —shire property to Ralph, and every shilling of his capital; and Ralph had my mother's fortune already. I have Stoke Moreton and the place in Surrey, which he could not take from me, but everything is entailed, down

to the trees in the park. I have nominally a large income; but I am in the hands of the Jews. I can't settle with them as I expected, and they will squeeze me to the uttermost. However, as you say, I have the consolation of knowing I brought it on myself."

"And if your father had acted justly, as you would call it, which I knew he never would, you would have run through everything in five years' time."

"No, I should not. I know I have been a fool; but there are two kinds of fools — the kind that sticks to folly all its life, and the kind that has its fling, and has done with it. I belong to the second kind. My father had no right to take my last chance from me. If he had left it me, I should have used it."

"You look tired of your fling," said the elder man. "Very tired. And you think money would set you right, do you?" He looked critically at the worn, desperate face opposite him. "I made my will the other day," he went on, his eyes still fixed on Charles. "I had not much to leave, and I have no near relations, so I divided it among various charitable institutions. I see no reason to alter my will. If one leaves money, however small the sum may be, one likes to think it has been left to some purpose, with some prospect of doing good. A few days ago I had a surprise. I fancy it was to be my last surprise in this world. I inherited from a distant relation, who died intestate, a large fortune. After being a poor man all my days, wealth comes to me when I am on the point of going where money won't follow. Curious, isn't it? I am going to leave this second sum in the same spirit as the first, but in rather a different manner. I like to know what I am doing, so I sent for you. I am of opinion that the best thing I can do with it, is to set you on your legs again. What do you owe?"

Charles turned very red and then very white.

"What do you owe?" repeated the sick man testily. "I am getting tired. How much is it?" He got out a cheque-book, and began filling it in. "Have you no tongue?" he said angrily, looking up. "Tell me the exact figure. Well? Keep nothing back."

"I won't be given the whole," said Charles with an oath. "Give me enough to settle the Jews, and I will do the rest out of my income. I won't get off scot free."

"Well, then, have your own way as usual, and name the sum you want. There

take it," he said feebly, when Charles had mentioned with shame a certain hideous figure, "and go. I shall never know what you do with it, so you can play ducks and drakes with it if you like. But you won't like. You have burned your fingers too severely to play with fire again. You have turned over so many new leaves that now you have come to the last in the book. I have given you another chance, Charles; but one man can't do much to help another. The only person who can really help you is yourself. Give yourself a chance, too."

How memory brought back every word of that strange interview! Charles saw again the face of the dying man; heard again the stern, feeble voice, "Give yourself a chance."

He had given himself a chance. "Some natures, like comets, make strange orbits, and return from far." Charles had returned at last. The old man's investment had been a wise one. But as Charles looked back, after three years, he saw that his friend had been right. His money debts had been the least part of what he owed. There were other long-standing accounts which he had paid in full during these three years, paid in the restless weariness and disappointment that underlay his life, in the loneliness in which he lived, in his contempt for all his former pursuits, which had left him at first devoid of any pursuits at all.

He had had, as was natural, very little happiness in his life, but all the bitterness of all his bitter past seemed as nothing to the agony of this moment. He had loved Evelyn with his imagination, but he loved Ruth with his whole heart and soul, and—he had lost her.

The night was far advanced. The dawn was already making faint bars over the tops of the shutters, was looking in at him as he sat motionless by his dim lamp and his dead fire. And, in spite of the growing dawn, it was a dark hour.

CHAPTER XX.

DARE returned to Vandon in the highest spirits, with an enormous emerald engagement ring in an inner waistcoat pocket. He put it on Ruth's third finger a few days later under the ancient cedar on the terrace at Vandon, a spot which, he informed her (for he was not without poetic flights at times), his inner consciousness associated with all the love scenes of his ancestors that were no more.

He was stricken to the heart when, after duly admiring it, Ruth gently explained to him that she could not wear his ring at

present, until her engagement was given out.

"Let it then be given out," he said impetuously. "Ah! why already is it not given out?"

She explained again, but it was difficult to make him understand, and she felt conscious that if he would have allowed her the temporary use of one hand to release a fly, which was losing all self-control inside her veil, she might have been more lucid. As it was, she at last made him realize the fact, that until Lord Polesworth's return from America in November no further step was to be taken.

"But all is right," he urged with pride. "I have seen my lawyer; I make a settlement. I raise money on the property to make a settlement. There is nothing I will not do. I care for nothing only to marry you."

Ruth led him to talk of other things. She was very gentle with him, always attentive, always ready to be interested; but any one less self-centred than Dare would have had a misgiving about her feeling for him. He had none. Half his life he had spent in Paris, and, imbued with French ideas of betrothal and marriage, he thought her manner at once exceedingly becoming and natural. She was reserved, but reserve was charming. She did not care for him very much perhaps, as yet, but as much as she could care for any one. Most men think that if a woman does not attach herself to them she is by nature cold. Dare was no exception to the rule; and though he would have preferred that there should be less constraint in their present intercourse, that she would be a little more shy, and a little less calm, still he was supremely happy and proud, and only longed to proclaim the fortunate state of his affairs to the world.

One thing about Ruth puzzled him very much, and with a vague misgiving she saw it did so. Her interest in the Vandon cottages, and the schools, and the new pump, had been most natural up to this time. It had served to bring them together. But now the use of these things was past, and yet he observed, with incredulity at first and astonishment afterwards, that she clung to them more than ever.

What mattered it for the moment whether the pump was put up or not, or whether the cottages by the river were protected from the floods? Of course in time, for he had promised, a vague something would be done; but why in the golden season of love and plighted faith revert to prosaic subjects such as these?

Some men are quite unable to believe in any act of a woman being genuine. They always find out that it has something to do with them. If an angel came down from heaven to warn a man of this kind, of wrath to come, he would think the real object of her journey was to make his acquaintance.

Ruth saw the incredulity in Dare's face when she questioned him, and her heart sank within her. It sank yet lower when she told him one day, with a faint smile, that she knew he was not rich, and that she wanted him to let her help in the rebuilding of certain cottages, the plans of which he had brought over in the summer, but which had not yet been begun, apparently for want of funds.

"What you cannot do alone we can do together," she said.

He agreed with effusion. He was surprised, flattered, delighted; but entirely puzzled.

The cottages were begun immediately. They were near the river, which divided the Slumberleigh and Vandon properties. Ruth often went to look at them. It did her good to see them rising, strong and firm, though hideous to behold, on higher ground than the poor dilapidated hovels at the water's edge, where fever was always breaking out, which yet made, as they supported each other in their crookedness, and leant over their own wavering reflections, such a picturesque sketch that it seemed a shame to supplant them by such brand-new red brick, such blue tiling, such dreadful little porches.

Ruth drew the old condemned cottages, with the long lines of pollarded marshy meadow, and the distant bridge and mill in the background, but it was a sketch she never cared to look at afterwards. She was constantly drawing now. There was a vague restlessness in her at this time that made her take refuge in the world of nature, where the mind can withdraw itself from itself for a time into a stronghold where misgiving and anxiety cannot corrupt, nor self break through and steal. In these days she shut out self steadfastly, and fixed her eyes firmly on the future, as she herself had made it with her own hands.

She had grown very grave of late. Dare's high spirits had the effect of depressing her more than she would allow, even to herself. She liked him. She told herself so every day, and it was a pleasure to her to see him so happy. But when she had accepted him he was so diffident, so quiet, so anxious, that she had

not realized that he would return to his previous happy self-confidence, his volubility, his grey hats, in fact his former gay self directly his mind was at ease and he had got what he wanted. She saw at once that the change was natural, but she found it difficult to keep pace with, and the effort to do so was a constant strain.

She had yet to learn that it is hard to live for those who live for self. Between a nature which struggles, however feebly, towards a higher life, and one whose sole object is gracefully and good-naturedly, but persistently, to enjoy itself, there is a great gulf fixed, of which often neither are aware, until they attempt a close relationship with each other, when the chasm reveals itself with appalling clearness to the higher nature of the two.

Ruth was glad when a long-standing engagement to sing at a private concert in one place, and sell modern knickknacks in old-English costume at another, took her from Slumberleigh for a week. She looked forward to the dreary dissipation in store for her with positive gladness; and when the week had passed, and she was returning once more, she wished the stations would not fly so quickly past, that the train would not hurry itself so unnecessarily to bring her back to Slumberleigh.

As the little local line passed Stoke Moreton station she looked out for a moment, but leaned back hurriedly as she caught a glimpse of the Danvers omnibus in the background, with its great black horses, and a footman with a bag standing on the platform. In another moment Mrs. Alwynn, followed by the footman, made a dart at Ruth's carriage, jumped in, seized the bag, repeated voluble thanks, pressed half her gaily dressed person out again through the window to ascertain that her boxes were put in the van, caught her veil in the ventilator as the train started, and finally precipitated herself into a seat on her bag, as the motion destroyed her equilibrium.

"Well, Aunt Fanny!" said Ruth.

"Why, goodness gracious, my dear, if it isn't you! And now I think of it, you were to come home to-day. Well, how oddly things fall out, to be sure, me getting into your carriage like that! And you'll never guess, Ruth, though for that matter there's nothing so very astonishing about it, as I told Mrs. Thursby, you'll never guess where I've been visiting."

Ruth remembered seeing the Danvers omnibus at the station, and suddenly re-

membered, too, a certain request which she had once made of Charles.

"Where can it have been?" she said, with a great show of curiosity.

"You will never guess," said Mrs. Alwynn, in high glee. "I shall have to help you. You remember my sprained ankle? There! Now I have as good as told you."

But Ruth would not spoil her aunt's pleasure; and, after numerous guesses, Mrs. Alwynn had the delight of taking her completely by surprise, when at last she leaned forward and said, with a rustle of pride, emphasizing each word with a pat on Ruth's knee, —

"I've been to Stoke Moreton."

"How delightful!" ejaculated Ruth. "How astonished I am! Stoke Moreton!"

"You may well say that," said Mrs. Alwynn, nodding to her. "Mrs. Thursby would not believe it at first, and afterwards she said she was afraid there would not be any party; but there was, Ruth. There was a married couple, very nice people, of the name of Reynolds. I dare say, being London people, you may have known them. She had quite the London look about her, though not dressed low of an evening; and he was a clergyman, who had overworked himself, and had come down to Stoke Moreton to rest, and had soup at luncheon. And there was another person besides, a Colonel Middleton, a very clever man, who wrote a book that was printed, and had been in India, and was altogether most superior. We were three gentlemen and two ladies, but we had ices each night, Ruth, two kinds of ices; and the second night I wore my ruby satin, and the clergyman at Stoke Moreton, that nice young Mr. Brown, who comes to your uncle's chapter meetings, dined, with his sister, a very pleasing person indeed, Ruth, in black. In fact, it was a very pleasant little gathering, so nice and informal, and the footmen did not wait at luncheon, just put the pudding and the hot plates down to the fire; and Sir Charles so chatty and so full of his jokes, and I always like to hear him, though my scent of humor is not quite the same as his. Sir Charles has a feeling heart, Ruth. You should have heard Mr. Reynolds talk about him. But he looked very thin and pale, my dear, and he seemed to be always so tired, but still as pleasant as could be. And I told him he wanted a wife to look after him, and I advised him to have an egg beaten up in ever such a little drop of brandy at eleven o'clock, and he said he would think about it, he did in-

deed, Ruth; so I just went quietly to the housekeeper and asked her to see to it, and a very sensible person she was, Ruth, been in the family twenty years, and thinks all the world of Sir Charles, and showed me the damask table-cloths that were used for the prince's visit, and the white satin coverlet, embroidered with gold thistles, quite an heirloom, which had been worked by the ladies of the house when James I. slept there. Think of that, my dear!"

And so Mrs. Alwynn rambled on, recounting how Charles had shown her all the pictures himself, and the piazza where the orange and myrtle trees were, and how she and Mrs. Reynolds had gone for a drive together, "in a beautiful landau," etc., etc., till they reached home.

As a rule Ruth rather shrank from travelling with Mrs. Alwynn, who always journeyed in her best clothes, "because you never know whom you may not meet." To stand on a platform with her was to be made conspicuous, and Ruth generally found herself unconsciously going into half-mourning for the day, when she went anywhere by rail with her aunt. To-day Mrs. Alwynn was more gaily dressed than ever, but as Ruth looked at her beaming face she felt nothing but a strange pleasure in the fact that Charles had not forgotten the little request which later events had completely effaced from her own memory. He, it seemed, had remembered, and, in spite of what had passed, had done what she asked him. She wished that she could have told him she was grateful. Alas! There were other things that she wished she could have told him; that she was sorry she had misjudged him; that she understood him better now. But what did it matter? What did it matter? She was going to marry Dare, and *he* was the person whom she must try to understand for the remainder of her natural life. She thought a little wearily that she could understand *him* without trying.

From The Fortnightly Review.

WHAT ENGLISH PEOPLE READ.

"ONE of the peculiarities which distinguish the present age is the multiplication of books." Since this was Dr. Johnson's opinion a hundred and thirty years ago, it is probable that even his forcible vocabulary would have been inadequate to express his amazement, if he could have foreseen the plethora in the book-market

of to-day. Last year some eight thousand works (including new editions) were published in this country, so that we are now provided with new literature at the rate of about twenty-five books a day. There is, in addition, a large and increasing import of books from abroad. Apparently there are no means of ascertaining the number imported, but some idea of the extent of the trade may be formed from the Board of Trade returns, which show an annual influx of upwards of thirteen hundred tons of books, having an estimated value of about £225,000. This enormous supply, some of it mischievous, much of it worthless, and even the best of it characterized for the most part by wearisome repetitions and the faults incidental to hasty production, is not unreasonably regarded as a serious evil.

Mr. Matthew Arnold rightly considered criticism to be the function of the age; and to those who are earnestly desirous of knowledge the value of competent assistance in separating the chaff of contemporary writing from the wheat is beyond price. Accordingly several attempts have been made of late years to guide the public in their choice of literature. Lists have been published of the hundred best authors or the hundred best books, lectures have been delivered, sermons have been preached. People can scarcely complain that they have not been fully informed as to what they *ought* to read. A few years ago some of the shelves in the Free Library at Cambridge were labelled "Books worth reading" (they may be so labelled still), although it may perhaps be doubted whether the implied criticism on the other books in the library, which included the whole range of fiction and periodical literature, had any deterrent effect upon the readers. It seems not uninteresting to inquire to what extent English people avail themselves of the advice which is constantly being offered them, and to ascertain, if possible, what kind of books they actually do read.

At the outset it may be remarked that the rapid and excessive production to which I have referred is in itself an indication of the probable result of our inquiry. However much the torrent of new books may be lamented and decried, it must not be overlooked that the supply is a necessary consequence of a corresponding demand, in the absence of which it could not continue. We have, then, a constant demand for new books; and this points to the conclusion that the popular taste favors ephemeral literature, pro-

duced very rapidly, and designed to fit the fashion of the hour, to afford a momentary excitement, or to gratify some immediate curiosity, rather than works of a solid character and more enduring interest, which cannot be either written or read at the same extravagant rate, and which do not need to be continually replaced by fresh matter.

Nor does this seem surprising or unnatural if we consider for a moment the altered social conditions which have contributed to create the present demand for books. Every one knows the old French maxim which tells us that people must be amused; but we have only lately begun to recognize that it applies to the lower classes in England. Until recently, the universal creed was that, so long as the people had a sufficiency of food and clothing, places to sleep in, and churches to pray in and be lectured in, they were doing uncommonly well. Any provision for recreation in our towns and villages was not only neglected but actually discouraged by churchmen and statesmen alike. The idea of giving amusement to the common folk, when it entered men's minds at all, was at once dismissed as something very dangerous, if not positively immoral.

Of late years these puritanical notions have altered in a remarkable degree, and especially so in the direction of intellectual recreation. Early in the present century the Church, rousing herself from a long lethargy, began systematically to teach the village children to read and write. The legislature, by abolishing the paper duties, which had long been defended on the ground that it was better for poor people to be prevented from reading, took the first step towards placing literature within the reach of the working classes. Then came the gradual institution of free libraries, opening all the best books in the language to the poorest student, while the Education Act insured that every English man and woman should be capable of reading them. But, although by these and kindred measures, such as the establishment of science and art museums, much has been effected, the evil wrought by the old policy of suppression and neglect still lives and is apparent in the utter want of culture among the lower orders of the people. The artisans and workwomen who, if they had lived fifty years ago, would have been unable to spell, nowadays swell enormously the demand for books. But they seek for the most part simply to be amused, to be

taken out of themselves ; they do not want anything that will give them the trouble to think.

The continuous migration of the rural population to the large towns has also a tendency, I think, to increase the demand for light reading. Deprived of the opportunities for outdoor recreation which the country affords, the shop-boy and the work-girl have but few means of enjoyment beyond the occasional luxury of a visit to the play ; and if they employ their leisure time in reading, it is probable that they will look for excitement rather than instruction.

In the higher classes of society a different series of changes has been in operation ; but it seems not unlikely that they may have had a similar tendency as regards taste in literature. The bustle of life nowadays precludes most men from following the field sports in which our fathers delighted, and under the influence of a more refined social code men no longer drink, nor do women gamble, as they did sixty or seventy years ago. But the love of excitement remains, the desire to drown care or to escape from ennui, and the very self-restraint imposed by the exigencies of the age and the stricter canons of modern society may not unnaturally have created a reaction which finds its vent in the pleasures of sensational fiction.

As regards women, indeed, it would be surprising if any other result had followed from the system of mental, moral, and (until quite lately) physical training which society has ordained for them, and which could scarcely have been better devised if the object had been to debar them altogether from a share in the higher intellectual pleasures, while forcing them into the life-long sham in which too many of them exist with emptiness in their hearts, paint on their cheeks, and scandal on their tongues. I do not purpose to discuss here the wisdom or the morality of a social scheme which begins by cutting off our women—the mothers and earliest teachers of our children—from all studies or pursuits calculated to instruct them in the laws of human nature and the development of human thought, and afterwards imposes upon them a code of propriety restricting their communications with the other sex, at any rate during the best years of their lives, to the commonplaces of the park and the inanities of the ball-room. But it is impossible to overlook the effect which such a system—driving women in upon themselves, and

stopping up every natural outlet for the emotions, making the colder ones prudish, the weaker ones morbid, and many of the best of them dissatisfied from a sense of the unreality of their existence—is likely to have produced upon their choice of literature.

For these reasons I think that we should expect to find among English people generally a very decided preference for books which appeal to the emotions as compared with those addressed to the intellect. In the following pages I propose to examine how far this anticipation is borne out by the facts. It will be convenient to divide the subject into two parts, ascertaining first what is the proportionate demand for each class of literature, and, secondly, what books (or what kind of books) in each class are in most favor.*

These statistics enable us to form some idea of the extent and character of the reading in English provincial towns, so far as the work of the public libraries furnishes a guide. The general result seems to be that from sixty to eighty per cent. of the books taken home to read are works of fiction, and that the ordinary reader cares very little for science or art, still less for poetry, and hardly at all for theology or philosophy. In some cases, it is true, from ten to fifteen per cent. of the reading is in general literature, which includes the magazines and reviews ; but it must be remembered that many of these contain serial tales.

In Scotland the tone of the public taste seems somewhat higher, judging from the returns of the Aberdeen library, where the demand for fiction (including juvenile books) is in the proportion of 63.26 per cent. ; for history and kindred subjects, 11.5 per cent. ; for science and art, 7.02 per cent. ; for theology and philosophy, 2.12 per cent. ; and for poetry, 1.44 per cent.

But I fear that whoever may have followed me so far is already weary of statistics, and at best they can only be regarded as affording a rough approximation to the requirements of the readers. As was remarked in a note to a recent report by the Aberdeen library committee, "For the issues to be a just index of these, it would be necessary that the readers should have constant and equal opportunities of obtaining just the books they want. As the library is, and in the nature of things must remain, constituted, a very large number of readers must daily come and

* Statistical tables omitted. — LIVING AGE.

go, bearing with them certainly not the books they most desire, but just whatever they can get, whether specially to their liking or not." After observing that "some books owe their popularity (if popularity is to be gauged by demand) to a taking title and popular ignorance," the committee proceed to point out that "the fact that a small devotional work, entitled 'The Best Match' was called for (and quickly returned) sixty-five times by readers, chiefly of the female sex, is hardly to be taken as a proof of the popularity of that particular work, or of the exceptionally devotional character of the library readers. Rather is it to be taken as one of the many cases where, the substance of the book not realizing the hopes raised by the title, it is with all possible speed returned to the library." But I am unable to follow the committee in their conclusion that "in this way the amount of fiction reading in all public libraries is made to appear much greater than it really is." It is difficult to imagine that any one seriously anxious to peruse some devotional work would make the corresponding mistake of taking home a novel so often as to enhance appreciably the apparent demand for the latter species of literature. And an examination of the kind of books comprised in the stock of the various libraries seems to point quite in the opposite direction; for, whereas we have seen that some sixty to eighty per cent. of the demand is for prose fiction, I cannot find that there is a single public library in which the stock of fiction is as much as forty per cent. of the whole stock, while in many cases, including Sheffield, Bristol, and Newcastle, it is below twenty-five per cent. In this connection I may observe that, in an interesting report lately published on the Mitchell Library at Glasgow, the librarian laments the fast-diminishing attendance of the reading public, as evinced by a continuous decrease in the number of volumes issued, and for this he suggests various causes, such as that the books are kept longer in hand, that the accommodation in the reading-room is inadequate, that the International Exhibition offered a counter attraction, and that there has been an increased demand for labor. The Mitchell Library being purely a "reference library," the stock of prose fiction is no doubt limited, very properly, to classical and standard works; but the number of volumes classified under this head is only seven hundred and eighty-two out of a total stock of more than eighty thousand. The question can scarcely be

avoided whether, if this supply were to be increased to anything like the proportion which, as we have seen elsewhere, represents the demand, the men and women of Glasgow would not find it possible to put up with the inconvenience of insufficient accommodation, or to spare time from their work, and resort to the library in greater numbers than ever. And this question is practically answered in the report itself. Last year the "turnover" of the seven hundred and eighty-two volumes of fiction was 47.33, that is to say, on an average, each volume was issued at least forty-seven times in the year, while the "turnover" in other classes ranged from 1.47 in law and politics to 7.31 in miscellaneous literature.

In London the available sources of information are extremely meagre and untrustworthy. The admirably conducted library at the Guildhall has, unfortunately, no lending branch, and only contains classical fiction, with the exception of the works of M. Jules Verne, who, having thus, so to speak, to sustain the whole weight of the demand for sensationalism, seems to be more in request there than any other writer. The institution of public libraries in the suburbs is at present in its infancy, and the field of their operations is as yet too small to justify any definite deductions from the results, although, so far as these go, they fully confirm the conclusions arrived at from provincial statistics. The large circulating libraries, again, which might have been expected to possess much valuable information as regards both metropolitan and provincial taste, apparently preserve no record whatever of the requirements of their customers. However, it is admitted on all hands that the demand for fiction far exceeds that for any other subject; while the books which compete most successfully with the novel are those which feed an idle if not vulgar curiosity with more or less amusing anecdotes of popular characters of the day, especially if the hero be himself the narrator. I now approach the second part of my subject, and shall endeavor to find an answer to the more interesting but more difficult question, What is the general character and tendency of the books which are most read? Let us begin with the standard works of fiction. One of the most successful novels ever written was "Adam Bede," "Middlemarch" and "The Mill on the Floss" also gained exceptional popularity. But there is not nearly the same demand for these books nowadays as for the

"Pickwick Papers" and "David Copperfield," or for "Vanity Fair" and "Esmond." The reason, I think, is not hard to find. The class distinctions, the influences of environment and early association, the vestiges, in fact, of feudalism, which entered so largely into the social life of England even thirty years ago, and which were illustrated in so masterly a fashion by George Eliot, are gradually losing force. She seems already to be telling us of things as they were rather than of things as they are; and, in so far as she ceases to appeal to every-day experience, she loses her hold upon the interest of men and women. They turn more eagerly to Dickens and to Thackeray, partly because the broad humor of the one and the pointed irony of the other are as delightful as ever they were, and also because these writers, although they, too, deal with many things that are past, depend less upon the general design of their works than upon their vivid portraiture of individual character. For the same reason, as I conceive, the writings of all the three authors I have named are preferred to the romances of Sir Walter Scott, and still more to those of Lord Lytton. People are asking for something which concerns themselves and their own feelings more nearly than do the adventures of Ivanhoe or of Ernest Maltravers, and I am probably within the mark in asserting, that, for every hundred copies now in circulation of "Vanity Fair" or "Pendennis" or "Esmond," or of almost any novel by Dickens, there are not more than forty of "Ivanhoe" or "Kenilworth" (these being the most popular of Scott's novels), and scarcely twenty of "My Novel" or "Ernest Maltravers" or "What will he Do with It?" which seem to be the favorites among the works of Lytton.

We see the same tendency in the temporary popularity of novels which, like those of Charles Reade, and Walter Besant, and Mrs. Stowe, are directed against some special evil or abuse of the day. "It is Never too Late to Mend" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" met with a reception not inferior to that given to any novel I have mentioned, excepting perhaps "Adam Bede;" but to-day there is little demand for either of them.

If we go further back to the writings of Richardson and Fielding, and Smollett and Sterne, the effect of a lack of current interest and vital sympathy becomes still clearer. People find that they have little in common with "Sir Charles Gran-

dison" and "Pamela;" even "Tom Jones" is seldom asked for; and "Tristram Shandy" is almost unknown.

Nevertheless, all these standard works of fiction hold the place which is due to them in the history of literature; and people continue buying them and reading them when such books as "The Trail of the Serpent," and "Dr. Cupid," and "Jess," are thrown aside and forgotten. Yet whenever Miss Braddon, or Miss Broughton, or Mr. Rider Haggard, produces a new novel, there is an immediate rush for it, and the circulating libraries are obliged, much against their will, to purchase, at an exorbitant price, hundreds and even thousands of copies for which, six months or at most twelve months later, they can scarcely obtain the value of the paper and cover. It is a curious fact that the selling price of a book a year after its publication is often in inverse proportion to the extent of its popularity at first; and the second-hand copies of novels published at 31s. 6d., which have been "the rage" of a season, can generally be bought for a shilling a volume. Thus, the libraries purchased about four times as many copies of "King Solomon's Mines" and "She" as of "Treasure Island," which now, nevertheless, sells at a better price than either of Mr. Haggard's books. Another illustration of the same peculiarity was given in the *Library Chronicle* a few years ago by Mr. Joseph Gilburt, who remarks that the first volume of the "Life of Bishop Wilberforce," edited by Ashwell, had a good reading, and afterwards fetched a fair price, but the third volume, by Reginald Wilberforce, which contained certain scandals, became a craze for a while, and now is almost worthless.

Of the novels which, although written several years ago, still retain a measure of popularity, the principal appear to be "East Lynne," "Lorna Doone," "The Golden Butterfly," "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Woman in White," and "Charles O'Malley." There is also some demand for Charles Reade, Miss Worboise, and Charlotte Brontë, but Mrs. Gaskell and Anthony Trollope seem to be quite out of fashion, and even James Payn's "Lost Sir Massingberd" has comparatively few readers.

Of contemporary novelists few have succeeded better than Edna Lyall, for whose books there is a large and continuous demand, partly, no doubt, because she writes with a strongly and clearly defined purpose, and also possibly because she is at the present time the only writer

of any merit who advocates her views by the elevation of an ideal hero. Mr. Short-house achieved an extraordinary success with "John Inglesant," which is still a very salable book; but he has not been so fortunate in his more recent efforts. It is not given to every one to feel at home with him in the dreamy realms of transcendentalism. "Robert Elsmere," another quasi-metaphysical novel, although of a different tendency, became fashionable and was widely read, and of the other recent books having a religious purpose, "The New Antigone" gained most attention, although it is now in little or no request.

The clever and conscientious work of Mr. Marion Crawford, in spite of its unsympathetic tone, has always secured him a good audience, and especially in the case of "Saracinesca," although that book is most entitled to praise when viewed as an historical romance, and, for a novel proper, I should certainly place "To Leeward" before it. Mr. Norris, too, has a quiet charm of his own which does not escape recognition; but apparently the English public has but little taste for the introspective egotism of the school of which Mr. Howells is the best-known exponent. A deeper vein of feeling is touched by Lucas Malet in "Colonel Enderby's Wife," a book which has found many readers, although in my opinion it has not met with all the success it deserves, and in the continuous demand for the "Story of an African Farm," and for the works of the "Author of John Her-ring" we have a clear response to appeals to the great founts of human passion and human sympathy.

Turning for a moment to light literature, we see in the large circulation of Lady Brassey's account of her voyage in the "Sunbeam," and of the "Reminiscences" of Mr. Frith and others, a proof of a demand for the kind of information which forms the basis of society small-talk; and probably the reason why these books have a much larger circle of readers than the more scholarly efforts of Mr. Jeaffreson, is that stories about a man who is dead, however wicked he may have been, are not so interesting as stories about some one whom we know and who is still amongst us. After all, it is the living human interest again, although appearing in a somewhat contemptible guise.

If we look at higher literary forms, we find that the favorite poets are Shakespeare, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Byron, and Shelley, all of whom have appealed

closely to the hearts of men; and the chief reason of the popularity of Mr. Ruskin's works is that he has taught us, as none knew how to teach us before, the intimate relation which art has to our lives as the mute expression of what we feel. There is evidence, again, of human sympathy of the highest kind in the sustained interest of the public in such books as Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent;" and Dean Burgon's "Lives of Twelve Good men" appeals to a much wider class than that formed by the students of political economy or of metaphysics.

In order to ascertain to what extent the same great principle influences the demand for modern fiction, which is now, before all other writing, the mode in which the emotional side of humanity finds expression, it is necessary to look further than the record of successful library novels. It must be remembered that for every novel which has an extensive circulation there are probably fifty others, not so good, and not so successful, which have collectively a much greater sale than a book of which Messrs. Mudie take a thousand copies; and there are perhaps fifty more which have a large circulation quite independently of any library. Mr. Taylor Kay, the librarian of Owen's College, Manchester, stated a few years ago that the society novel and the sensational novel were "much more popular and very much more read" than the classical fiction of Defoe, Fielding, Goldsmith, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Swift, Sterne, Smollett, and Richardson; but, in view of this fact, it seems extraordinary that he should have advocated (if I understand him rightly) the total exclusion of all novels, whether good or bad, from public libraries; and still more extraordinary that he should have supported this view on the ground that the readers of novels were chiefly clerks, and warehousemen, and school-girls.

No doubt sensational novels are as a rule very poor stuff, especially those which are known in the publishing trade as "shilling shockers." But however crude in style and loose in grammar they may be, they are generally quite harmless, and they meet the needs of a large number of people for whom it is unquestionably better to read exciting stories than to do what they would be doing if they were not reading. I find that no fewer than three hundred and forty-six thousand copies of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" have been sold in this country in the course of the last eighteen months,

and one hundred and forty-seven thousand copies of "Madame Midas," another book of the same class and by the same author, in a twelvemonth; and the company which publishes them has, in the course of one year and a quarter, sold nearly six hundred thousand of these and other similar books, of which about one-third were disposed of by Messrs. Smith and Son. Scarcely less remarkable are the statistics made public not long since at Bristol, from which it appears that some three hundred and fifty thousand copies of "Called Back" have been sold, and that upwards of a million shilling volumes of the kind have been issued during the last four or five years. When we reflect that the population of the United Kingdom is not much more than thirty-five millions, the proportion of readers represented by the figures I have given is sufficiently astonishing. And therefore, because it interests the people who, for reasons already discussed, have no taste for choicer fare, and because it has at least some claim to our gratitude, in so far as it has displaced low-class periodicals, I am disposed, so long as I am not required to read it, to support the "shilling shocker," which is certainly to be preferred to the "penny dreadful."

It is impossible to extend the same toleration to the bulk of the society novels; nor have they the same claim to be excused. It is not unnatural, as we have seen, that the young lady of the nineteenth century should be continually crying out for new novels; but it is certainly irritating that every idler who has sense enough to string sentences together—more or less grammatically—and money enough to pay the publisher, should conceive it to be his or her special mission to respond to the cry, and should deluge the book-market with a stream of morbid sentiment or empty vulgarity. One is too familiar with the method of advertising these productions "of great social interest and importance," for which the intended victim is requested on a post-card to ask at his library or club. There is a story that a certain well-known publisher, now dead, used to say some years ago that he would always give £20 for any novel, no matter how worthless, as he could generally rely on recovering his outlay (including the cost of publication and advertising) from the circulating libraries.

It may be questioned, indeed, whether the quality of what they read is of much consequence to the regular patrons of the society novel. If, by chance, they get

hold of a better book than usual, they may admit as much, with the qualification that it kept them from dozing when they wanted; for people of this sort are quite accustomed to falling asleep over their novel, and perhaps may dream that they have finished it, since they often change it, on waking, for something fresh. Still it is unsatisfactory that we should be treated to a continual effervescence of illiterature which rests its only hope of popularity on its nastiness. Against this evil criticism is powerless, and worse than powerless; for such is the perversity of mankind that an exposure of the improprieties of a book of this type is tolerably certain to treble its circulation; and, in fact, decrying a novel on the score of its indecency is a favorite form of advertisement. I believe that the circulating libraries occasionally refuse books of an offensive tone; but the libraries are to a great extent at the mercy of their subscribers, and moreover, their action in excluding a book is apt, like adverse criticism, to increase the demand for it.

Unfortunately, there are no contemporary English novelists who have sufficient genius and hold upon the public to enable them to drive out the rabble of trash-mongers. All the greatest writers of fiction in our time are foreigners, and with a few exceptions it is to them that we must look for a faithful picture of life as it really is in its most essential and cogent relations. In the works of such students of humanity as Turguénief, Tolstoy, Freytag, Bourget, De Maupassant, and Daudet, lies the best chance of diverting attention from the rubbish at home; and the fact that, according to the publisher's advertisement, one hundred and forty thousand copies of a translation of Daudet's "Sapho" have been sold in the space of about three years, seems to indicate that the chance is not a bad one. An English version of Georges Ohnet's "Maître de Forges" has reached a sale of fifteen thousand copies, and there is about the same demand for translations of Tolstoy and Dostoieffsky. Yet it must be admitted that the best foreign novels enjoy no monopoly of attention, and that a very large number of people find the "troughs of Zolaism" more to their liking.

The general results, then, of our enquiry are, first, that there is an enormous demand for works of fiction, to the comparative neglect of other forms of literature, and, secondly, that there is a decided preference for books of a highly sensational character, most of which are alto-

gether destitute of literary merit, while many of them have a distinctly mischievous tendency among certain classes of readers.

One's first impulse naturally is to cast the blame for this state of things on the authors and publishers. It may be urged that to attempt to poison other people's minds with unwholesome garbage is scarcely less reprehensible than to adulterate their bodily food. But it must be borne in mind that, while men and women are all strongly opposed to having their bodies poisoned, many of them entertain no similar objection as regards their minds. In fact they ask for the poison. As some one has said recently, "A demand for this sort of gratification is never wanting, although we have not yet quite come to advertising openly for it."

Perhaps, then, the authors—or, at any rate, some of them—are more sinned against than sinning. Not that I would defend for one moment the society novel, with its utter want of any other purpose than to trade upon the morbid cravings of a section of the public. Nor would I seek to justify the translation of certain French novels by placing them in the same category with classical works such as "Boccaccio" and "Benvenuto Cellini." The argument that such translations are intended for the use of students deceives no one, and it is foolish to advance it. In both cases, of course, the publisher, as a man of business, sees that there is a demand for books of the kind, and therefore that it will pay him to publish them. And in this money question we have one reason why so few good novels are written nowadays. The man who has the ability to write a good book is able with greater ease to write a bad one; and, if he has to make his living by his pen, the chances are that he will choose whatever line his publisher finds most profitable. It should not be forgotten that the demand precedes the supply, although it may be conceded that the supply may react upon and increase the demand. If, then, it be the case that the authors corrupt the minds of the readers, it is no less a fact that the readers' taste exerts a baneful influence on the authors.

And thus the question is forced upon us whether, after all, Carlyle and Ruskin are right when they assert that the levelling up which results from the progress of democratic institutions entails a corresponding levelling down. There was a time when men of letters guided the public taste, and jealously guarded the name

of literature from profanation. But we have extended the literary franchise, and those who would succeed must learn to pander to the new electorate.

Other symptoms of the same social malady are not far to seek. We see them in the rich dresses and gorgeous upholstery which have become such important considerations in the management of a "Shakespearean revival;" in the musical taste which opens no remunerative field to the composer but that of the comic opera and the ballet; and in the "revelations" with "full details" of the new journalism.

If a remedy is to be found at all, it must be sought by striking to the root of the matter. The aim of the literary moralist should be to purify the public taste; when this has been achieved the literature will purify itself. And a great step will have been taken towards the attainment of a higher standard when men and women are enabled to lead more natural lives. Is it too much to hope for the adoption in our own time of a more generous moral code, and for the abrogation of those conventional restrictions, the product of our artificial life, which few people have the courage to defy, and which form the foundation of half the meannesses and jealousies of social intercourse?

In the mean time, something may be effected by encouraging as far as possible the dissemination of books which feed the desire for excitement without stimulating a tendency to depravity. The principle of regarding sensational literature as a safety-valve is not new, but it has scarcely, I think, obtained adequate recognition at the hands of our leading moralists. A man before all things else is a man; needing help, but in his own fashion and according to his own lights. It was Charles Kingsley's clear apprehension of this fact that helped him to that ready sympathy with his fellow-creatures which made him charming. It is not by shutting our eyes to human nature, but by accepting it as it is, that we may hope in time to arrive at some understanding how it may be improved.

WALTER MONTAGU GATTIE.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
EUCALYPTUS, PINE, AND CAMPHOR
FORESTS.

DR. SCHOMBURGK has pointed out that in Australia, mignonette, sweet verbenas, jasmine, rose, lavender, *Acacia Farnes-*

iana, heliotrope, rosemary, peppermint, violet, wallflower, laurel, orange, and sweet-scented geranium grow exceedingly well—perhaps with greater luxuriance than elsewhere, so that the southern continent promises to supply, in addition to eucalyptus oil, vast quantities of other essential oils, which, by their distribution and use, lead to the hygienic results which it will be our object to deal with.

Speaking of the *Eucalyptus globulus*, the late Professor Bentley, who had made a special study of it, as well as of other members of the same genus, said: "In a lecture on the eucalyptus, which I delivered at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, four years ago, I stated my reasons for believing that the emanations from the leaves of eucalyptus groves had some influence in destroying marshy miasms, and thus improving the healthiness of the district. Since then the very interesting researches of Kingzett have proved that under the influence of air and moisture both peroxide of hydrogen and camphoric acid are formed from volatile oils—the former is a powerful disinfectant, and the latter is an antiseptic; and hence I think there can be no doubt that the healthy influence of eucalyptus-trees is due, to some extent at least, and probably more than we imagine, to the volatile emanations from the leaves under the influence of air and moisture, possessing direct disinfectant and antiseptic properties, and thus destroying the injurious effects of paludal miasms."

The word "eucalyptus" is derived from *eu*, "well," and *kalypto*, "to cover," and is appropriately chosen.

Writing of the foliage of the eucalyptus, Mr. H. N. Draper observes: that it is unlike anything in our islands; it is pendulous, quivering, and evergreen; and the peculiar whitish appearance of one side of the leaves—due to a fatty or resinous secretion—is very characteristic. Till the tree is from three to five years old, the leaves grow horizontally, but afterwards they assume a pendent position. Instead of having one of their surfaces towards the sky and the other towards the earth, they are often placed with their edges in those directions, so that both sides are equally exposed to the light. It has been suggested that this arrangement of its leaves may have something to do with the large amount of water exhaled by the eucalyptus into the atmosphere. M. Vallée has calculated that a square yard of the leaves of the *Eucalyptus globulus*, weighing about two and three-fourths

pounds, gives off four pints, or five pounds of water, in twelve hours. This rapid evaporation or transudation is greatly promoted by the very numerous *stomata* or breathing-spores, of which there are three hundred and fifty on the under surface of each leaf. The flowers resemble those of the myrtle; as for the seeds, they are tiny, and one hundred and sixty thousand plants can be raised from a single pound weight. The eucalyptus sheds its bark annually, but as this process is not confined to any one season, but extends over the whole year, the trunk always presents a rough and ragged appearance. In Australia, this forest giant commonly attains a girth of sixteen to eighty feet, and a height of one hundred and sixty to two hundred feet, but monsters are recorded which have reached four hundred and twenty feet in height. These vegetable Goliaths are often without a branch until the top is reached, and that is capped with radiating branches full of foliage. A plank one hundred and forty-eight feet long was exhibited at the Great Exhibition in 1851.

Eucalyptus oil, which is obtained from the different species, and of these there are more than one hundred and thirty-five, practically has one and the same composition, although the odor, which is generally rich and camphoraceous, differs a little according to the variety. The oil is chiefly stored in pellucid glands spread through the leaves; they may be seen by holding the leaves up to the light; but the oil is distributed more or less throughout the whole substance of the tree as well.

M. Cloez has computed that ten kilos. of fresh leaves from the branches of a eucalyptus killed by frost at the end of 1867, furnished by distillation with water 275 grammes, or 2·5 per cent. by weight of oil. In another experiment, eight kilos. of dry leaves, gathered at Hyères, gave, after keeping them a month, 489 grammes, or 6 per cent.; but from perfectly dry leaves, which had been kept five years, he only obtained 1·5 per cent. of oil.

The eucalyptus is a genus belonging to the sub-order *Leptospermeæ*, natural order *Myrtaceæ*; it contains a large number of species, mostly natives of Australia, and, along with trees of nearly allied genera, is one of the most characteristic features of the vegetation of that part of the world; the genus also occurs, although much more sparingly, in the Malayan archipelago. The trees of this genus have entire and leathery leaves, in which, as mentioned above, a notable quantity of volatile, aromatic oil is present. Many species are

rich in resinous secretions, and from their abundance in its texture the *Eucalyptus globulus* is commonly known as the blue gum-tree. Eucalyptus-trees grow very rapidly, and their timber, when green, is soft, so that they are easily felled, split, or sawn; but when dry the wood becomes very hard. As regards eucalyptus timber, a test mentioned by Mr. Bosisto showed that the blue gum-tree wood carried fourteen pounds more than English oak, and seventeen and one-half pounds more than Indian teak to the square inch. It is used for an immense variety of purposes, amongst others shipbuilding. The bark of many species is charged with tannin and is becoming an article of commerce. Some kinds of eucalyptus bark are said to be twice as strong as oak bark, and the rind of certain species is remarkable for its hardness. A peculiarity of the genus is that some species throw off their outer bark in longitudinal, ribbon-like strips, which hang down from their stems and branches in a very singular and unsightly manner.

Among the resinous secretions of this genus is Botany Bay kino, used in medicine as a substitute for ordinary kino; it is the product of *Eucalyptus resinifera*, a species with ovato-lanceolate leaves, which is known in Australia as the red gum-tree and iron bark-tree; it is very lofty, and reaches a height of one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet. When its bark is wounded, a red juice flows freely, and hardens in the air into masses of irregular shape, inodorous, transparent, and almost black when large, but of a beautiful ruby-red when in small, thin fragments. Botany Bay kino is said to consist chiefly of a peculiar principle called *eucalyptin*, analogous to tannin. About sixty gallons of juice may be obtained from a single tree, which, in the course of a year, amounts to as much as five hundred pounds of kino. *Eucalyptus robusta*, or stringy bark-tree, is another forest giant, and yields a most beautiful red gum, which is found in large cavities in its stem between the concentric circles of wood. *Eucalyptus mannifera* yields, from its leaves, an exudation resembling manna, but less nauseous, and having similar medicinal properties; it contains a saccharine-like substance differing from *mannite*, *glucose*, and all other previously known kinds of sugar. Another saccharine exudation, from the leaves of *Eucalyptus dumosa*, is sometimes seen spread like snow over large districts, and is used by the natives as food. The Tasmanian or

blue gum-tree, one of the *Eucalypti*, has, in recent years, made a great reputation for its uses in drying marshy soils, and so preventing malarious disease. It grows extremely rapidly, and this may in part account for its drying powers; the latter in their turn may partly account for its salubrious properties, although these are in the main attributable to the chemical products which are formed in the air by the action of atmospheric oxygen upon volatilized eucalyptus oil which is given off from the tree. It has been tried with decidedly beneficial effects at the Cape of Good Hope, in Algeria, the Roman Campagna, and elsewhere; unfortunately it will not bear a sharp spell of frost, so that it cannot be grown in this country in the open air. Individuals, certainly, have safely passed through half-a-dozen winters, to be killed by a few days' hard frost in the next severe season.

Mr. Draper had, at one time, twenty-five healthy saplings of the *globulus*, five years old, ten to sixteen feet high, growing near Dublin; one, indeed, was twenty-five feet high, its stem had a circumference of twenty-two inches; but though he kept them through four ordinary winters, they were all killed by the very cold weather of 1878-79.

The eucalyptus is indigenous to the temperate parts of Australia and Tasmania, where the thermometer ranges from 52° to 72° F. As Mr. Bosisto has very happily said, it extends over the greater portions of those countries, but is absent from the other islands of the south, except a few species in New Guinea.

In a lecture on forest culture, Baron von Mueller, the famous botanist, pointed out that Mr. Bosisto, of Melbourne, was largely exporting eucalyptus oil, and producing about seven hundred pounds a month. Since then Mr. Bosisto, who has been most industriously carrying on this business, has given still greater attention to the hygienic uses of the eucalyptus. He soon became convinced that those properties had some connection with the essential oil, and set himself to ascertain what he could as to the quantity of oil and its probable sanitary uses. Supposing that it got into the atmosphere through evaporation aided by warm winds, what then? According to him, the evidence of oil evaporation may thus be stated: That the desert scrub gums, after a winter of average rainfall, supply the air with a continuous and even quantity of aromatic vapor, and keep up their vitality throughout the summer, and that a short season

of rain and a long, dry summer diminishes the formation of oil and lessens exhalation; but, on the other hand, the species growing towards the sea increase their quantity after the short winter. It is said that, when travelling in the bush, the aroma of the volatile oil can easily be detected in the atmosphere.

It was in 1854 that Mr. Joseph Bosisto set up the first still for the preparation of eucalyptus oil; since that time the industry has attained respectable dimensions, the factories now comprising, among others, two stills each of five thousand gallons' working capacity, and two of thirty-five hundred gallons. One factory is thirty or forty miles east-south-east of Melbourne, at Emerald, where twenty-two tons of leaves are subjected to distillation every week; the other factory is between Lake Hindmarsh and the town of Dimboola, where about twenty-five tons of twigs and leaves are treated every week for the extraction of the essential oil. The stills are of wood, lined and fitted with copper heads.

That characteristic and very unsightly feature of Australian scenery, "scrub," averaging in height not more than eight feet, covers many millions of acres, and is so dense that it almost shuts out sun and sky. It is interesting to remember that in one kind of scrub there is in the stem about half a pint of almost pure water. Mr. Bosisto reduces the whole tribe of *Eucalypti* to eight types.

Attention should be called to the report of Mr. Skeene, setting forth the distribution of eucalyptus forestry over Australia, and using these figures, Mr. Bosisto calculated that the Malice scrub in the colony of Victoria would retain in its leaves, at one time, 4,843,873,000 gallons of oil, and the sea-district species 280,891,000 gallons. In another calculation, extending to the whole of New South Wales and South Australia, he showed that 96,877,440,000 gallons of oil are held continually, at one time, in the leaves of the trees massed together, and occupying a belt of country over which hot winds blow. In the face of these figures, few would hesitate to accept the conclusion that forced itself upon Mr. Bosisto, and which was finally confirmed by Mr. Kingzett, that the eucalyptus, as a fever-destroying tree, owes its power to the oil which finds its way into the atmosphere. This oil has antiseptic properties; these, however, are enormously intensified, and become disinfectant and oxidant in character, as soon as the oil is oxidized by atmospheric oxygen

in contact with moisture. This admits of easy explanation now that the chemistry of the subject has been thoroughly worked out. It is probable that every molecule of oil of turpentine, or oil of eucalyptus, or camphor oil gives rise in this process of oxidation to a molecule of peroxide of hydrogen, and one of soluble camphor, the latter having the approximate formula of $C_{10}H_{16}O_2$. Mr. Kingzett then calculated that 96,897,440,000 gallons of eucalyptus oil must produce in the atmosphere surrounding the forests 92,785,023 tons of peroxide of hydrogen, and 507,587,945 tons of soluble camphor, not to mention other products of oxidation. This quantity of peroxide of hydrogen is capable of oxidizing a correspondingly large amount of organic matter, rendering it harmless—for instance, vegetable matter which may be undergoing decomposition and producing malarial fever. This oxidation by means of peroxide of hydrogen leads to its becoming thoroughly antisepted, thereby removing malarial poison; in this way peroxide of hydrogen could part with nearly half its weight of nascent oxygen. Again the antiseptic properties of such an immense quantity of camphor can be conceived, if we remember that a solution containing only a few grammes to the litre is, as determined by experiment, strong enough to preserve almost indefinitely animal matter from decomposition. We have not met with figures showing the weight of foliage per tree from which the sanitary value of a single tree could be estimated; but no doubt it is very considerable. In view of these facts, as bearing on the climate of Australia, which is reputed to be the healthiest in the world, it is not surprising that the death-rate from phthisis is not, even including the cases of death among persons visiting that continent for the benefit of their health, one-half that of the mother country.

What is true of the eucalyptus and its oil is also, on a much more extensive scale, true of the pine-tree and its turpentine. That this is so is evident from the very large quantity of turpentine which finds its way into commerce; and even this amount, vast as it is, is a mere fraction of that produced in nature. Oil of turpentine is contained in the wood, bark, leaves, and other parts of the *Coniferae*, and the method by which it is distilled from the exudations of pines and firs will be dealt with below. According to Planchon, the French oil of turpentine is chiefly produced by the *Pinus maritima*

and the *Pinus pinaster*; the German oil is yielded by *Pinus sylvestris*, *Abies pectinata*, and *Abies excelsa*; the Venetian oil is extracted from *Larix Europæa*; and the English oil is yielded by American turpentine produced by *Pinus tæda* and *Pinus Australis*. Dr. R. Godeffroy adds that the German oil is also obtained from *Pinus vulgaris*, *Pinus picea*, and *Pinus rotunda*. He observes that pinecone oil, the *oleum abietis pini* of commerce, is obtained by distilling with water the cones of *Abies pectinata*; dwarf-pine oil by distilling in the same way the young tops and cones of *Pinus pumilio*; and pine-leaf oil from the leaves of *Pinus sylvestris* or *Pinus abies*. The Swedish oil of turpentine is, according to Morel, obtained by distilling the wood itself; it is distinguished by its odor, and by the presence of certain empyreumatic substances. All these oils are grouped together under the common head of oil of turpentine; they differ to some extent in their boiling-point—which averages 160° C.—specific gravity, and action on polarized light, but in an ultimate chemical sense they are identical and merely represent so many different isomeric forms of terpene ($C_{10}H_{16}$). As produced in nature, they are accompanied by certain oxidized bodies, and the natural resins and gums are no doubt formed by the action of atmospheric oxygen on the terpenes in the trees. The process by which turpentine is generally obtained consists in tapping the trees periodically, and collecting the crude or *brute* turpentine, which is a thick, resinous mass, and is afterwards subjected to distillation, either with water or steam.

No one now dreams of disputing that the hygienic value of the pine is much greater than that of the eucalyptus, and the pine has a much wider natural distribution. Russia alone has five hundred million acres of forests largely consisting of pine-trees; while an important industry is carried on in the turpentine products yielded by the pines and firs of that vast empire, and of France, Switzerland, Germany, Sweden, and Austria. But the European trade is not so large as the American, which now furnishes most of the turpentine found in commerce. In illustration of the extent of the pine forests of America, it is interesting to mention a remarkable shower of pollen grains, which fell in the north-eastern part of Pennsylvania on the morning of March 17, 1879, and which extended over an area of more than twenty-five hundred square miles. This pollen

was that of the *Pinus Australis*, and came from the Southern States; it was supposed to have been carried more than five hundred miles. Curiously enough a similar occurrence was, a few years ago, noticed at Windsor, Slough, and in that neighborhood generally. In this case the pollen, which was probably derived from *Pinus sylvestris*, was blown from Windsor Forest, and was at first thought by the people residing in the district to be sulphur.

Even in our own little country pine woods abound, and are found not only in Scotland, but scattered over the entire kingdom, and they are to be seen as near London as Bournemouth, Upton, and Weybridge. From the vast extent of pine forests distributed all the world over, an incalculable quantity of turpentine oil must find its way into the atmosphere, just in the same manner as the volatile oil of the eucalyptus. This process of oil evaporation goes on far more rapidly in warm climates, and is much more noticeable in summer than winter. Any one who has visited Arcachon, or our own woods at St. George's Hills, Weybridge, in summer, must have been invigorated by a deliciously aromatic perfume. On a warm day, the air is balmy with the odor of the oil, which is being incessantly poured into it. What is done by pine and eucalyptus forests on such a scale is carried on in miniature by every plant and flower which owes its perfume to the essential oil which it secretes. Governing bodies and the general public should never lose sight of the value of eucalyptus and pine plantations. Valleys and swamps may, by their agency, be freed from malarial fever; and in place of a poisonous atmosphere, they substitute balminess and purity, at once luxurious and health-giving.

In conclusion, it can hardly fail to interest our readers to glance at the industries carried on at a turpentine farm. It has been said that the pine of the south-Atlantic States is to Southerners what the palm is to the South American and the bamboo to the Chinaman. They build houses of it, and construct rude furniture, fences, carts, and farming implements with it; they use it for heating and lighting, and they live on the profits of the extraction of turpentine, resin, pitch, and tar from it. The turpentine industry has gradually extended from the pine forests of North Carolina, southwards from Wilmington, through South Carolina into Georgia, where it now has its headquarters, and it also extends to Florida, where

convicts are employed in "turpentineing." Savannah is the principal port of the United States from which the exportation of turpentine is carried on. In 1885, 2,800,838 gallons were shipped, of the value of £183,402, and in 1886, 3,498,244 gallons, worth £229,302. From Wilmington, in 1886, £145,714 worth of spirit of turpentine was sent. From North Carolina, the turpentine annually exported amounts to about 5,300,000 gallons, and the resin to 550,000 barrels.

There are several kinds of pine, including the white, spruce, yellow, Roumany, and pitch; the last differs slightly from the yellow, and is the only one valuable for "boxing."

Extracting turpentine does not destroy the value of the tree for lumbering, and large saw-mills are often found in close proximity to turpentine orchards. The lands on which these forests flourish are practically worthless, and "boxing" the pitch-pine trees for the gum is the only industry of those districts.

It is said that the owners of these lands generally lease the "privilege" for the business, and receive about one hundred and twenty-five dollars for each crop of ten thousand boxes. These boxes are cavities, of which there may be one to four, cut in each tree near the ground; they hold about a quart apiece. Each crop of ten thousand boxes only requires the attention of one man during the season, which lasts from March to September. If the bark above the box is hacked away a little every fortnight, about three quarts of pitch or gum is obtained from each box during the season. After successive hackings, all the bark within reach is removed, and the quality of the gum gradually falls off—that is, it yields less turpentine.

We will now go on to the final part of our subject. The crystalline substance *camphor* ($C_{10}H_{16}O$), and its properties, are too well known to need description; it exists ready formed in the *Laurus camphora*, a plant indigenous in Japan, Java, Sumatra, and Borneo. Other trees also yield it. Three modifications of camphor are known to chemists, and these are distinguished one from another by their action on polarized light. Camphor is more or less volatile according to the conditions to which it is exposed; but we are only aware of one attempt to determine the amount of loss which it undergoes when exposed to the air. Mr. J. C. Folger has proved that the percentage of loss in different samples varies widely; it ranged,

in his observations during ten weeks, from $11\frac{1}{2}$ to more than 84 per cent., according to the solidity of the substance, the amount of surface exposed, and the state of the atmosphere. During these observations the temperature ranged from 61° to 80° F.

Camphor is soluble in alcohol, ether, and many other liquids, but water only dissolves one-thousandth part of it, acquiring its distinctive taste and odor; it melts at 175° C. and boils at 204° C.; its specific gravity ranges from 0.986 to 0.996; it burns in air with a heavy, smoky flame.

The manufacture of camphor is an important industry in the island of Kio-Shin, and from Nagasaki, in 1882, 15,186.18 piculs (of 133.3 pounds each) were exported, valued at 227,792 dollars; this was in addition to the quantities sent from other parts inaccessible to foreign visitors.

The camphor-tree grows most abundantly in those provinces of the islands of Shikoko and Kinshin which have a southern sea-coast; it is found alike on high ground and in valleys; and is a hardy, slow-growing, but long-lived tree, which flourishes in all situations, and often attains an enormous size, many specimens measuring ten to twelve feet in diameter, and it is said that they have been sometimes known to reach as much as twenty feet. As a rule, they run up twenty or thirty feet without limbs, and then throw out branches in all directions, forming well-proportioned, beautiful trees, which are evergreen and very ornamental.

Camphor-tree wood is valuable for many purposes, such as ship-building, whilst the roots are used for making ships' knees. The amount of camphor yielded by a tree varies according to its age; a tree one hundred years old is tolerably rich in it.

The manufacture is conducted as follows: The trunk and large stems are cut into small pieces, and are then placed in a wooden tub fitted with a perforated bottom. This tub is next put over a metal pot, which is charged with water, and is heated by a slow fire. Over this wooden tub a clean light cover is placed, from which a bamboo pipe leads into another tub. Through this bamboo pipe steam, camphor, and volatilized oil flow. The second tub is connected with a third, which is divided by a floor into two compartments, one above the other. The oil and water make their way to the lower floor, while the upper is provided with a layer of straw which intercepts the crystals of camphor as they are deposited in cooling. The camphor is afterwards packed for the market in tubs holding one

picul. The water is in due course separated from the oil by a faucet, and the oil is used by the natives for lighting purposes. It is also a remedy for rheumatism, whilst the oxidized wood is dried and is useful as fuel.

From this description it will be seen that camphor is extracted from camphor oil, which, in its turn, is produced in the camphor-tree, just as turpentine is formed in the pine and oil of eucalyptus in the eucalyptus. Moreover, from a chemical standpoint, camphor oil is practically identical with oil of turpentine and oil of eucalyptus; that is, it consists of what chemists call terpene, which has an oxidized substance dissolved in it.

We were thoroughly familiar with the pungent and, on the whole, agreeable odor of the products of eucalyptus, pine, and camphor trees, and had read a great deal on the subject, when we received a letter from a friend at Tunbridge Wells, asking us to visit the largest factory in the world where these natural products are prepared for disinfecting purposes — that of the Sanitas Company, Bethnal Green. Though we were half afraid that we should find it difficult to follow the complicated steps in the process which converts the crude products of nature into the finished and valuable manufactures of man, we decided to go. The inventor of the processes, who is also the managing director of the company, Mr. C. T. Kingzett, F.I.C., F.C.S., was personally a stranger to us; but, fortified with a good introduction from our friend, we presented ourselves at his office one bright June afternoon, and were most courteously received. Mr. Kingzett, we soon discovered, was no common man, but an able and profound chemist, who had for many years enlarged, by his investigations, our knowledge of science. He had also found time since 1877 to superintend the manufacture of those health-giving products which, under the name of Sanitas, are becoming familiar to the whole world.

Among Mr. Kingzett's literary works there is a most interesting and valuable one entitled "Nature's Hygiene," in which he shows that the purification of the air is, in great measure, carried out in nature by the oxidation of the oils of turpentine, eucalyptus, and camphor, which, as we have explained at some length, are given off by the forests of which a description has been attempted in these pages. It occurred to him that if these principles could be made readily accessible, disinfection could be carried on in private houses,

hospitals, and domestic offices with a rapidity and precision otherwise unattainable. To carry this into practice, he subjects the essential oils to an artificial process of oxidation, conducted in exact imitation of that carried on in pine, eucalyptus, and camphor forests, so that the many articles prepared at his works contain large quantities of the powerful chemical agents which are found in the atmosphere of natural forests.

It is not pretended that Mr. Kingzett was the first to discover the disinfectant properties of peroxide of hydrogen, for they had long been known to chemists; but its preparation was so costly that it could not be used for sanitary purposes. He discovered the antiseptic properties of the peroxide of hydrogen, identified the purifying principle of the pine and the eucalyptus, and devised a cheap and efficient method of preparation. To carry out the latter, he undertook, in conjunction with his friend Mr. Maximilian Zingler, a series of manufacturing experiments. He commenced by exposing a large quantity of turpentine, floating on water, to a hot blast — much as molten iron is exposed in the Bessemer "converter." The result was the production of a watery solution, consisting of peroxide of hydrogen, camphoric acid, camphor, thymol, and other chemical bodies, and an oxidized oil, rich in camphoric peroxide. To these products a fancy name, "Sanitas," was given, and great perfection has been gradually attained in conducting the process. In all its forms Sanitas is an excellent oxidizing agent, a powerful disinfectant, and a strong antiseptic, owing its singular properties to peroxide of hydrogen, and its preservative value chiefly to camphoraceous ingredients, but partly also to the peroxide of hydrogen. And it should be added that, while Mr. Kingzett was the first to explain satisfactorily the hygienic properties of the trees and plants which secrete essential oils or perfumes, his products, we believe, alone contain the healthful principles to which these hygienic properties are due.

A. J. H. CRESPI.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

LEPERS AT THE CAPE: WANTED, A FATHER DAMIEN.

ONE of the practical results of the self-sacrifice of Father Damien has been to attract additional attention to one of the

most dreadful physical woes to which human nature is liable — leprosy. Close to Cape Town there is a second Molokai, called Robben Island, perhaps even a sadder place because it is unrelieved by the interest and intense public sympathy aroused by the Sandwich isle. Here the patients live a death — to coin an expression — comparatively uncared for, and certainly unwept; and here, too, are gathered together a number of lunatics with a proportion of convicts.

A dirty little tug occupies three-quarters of an hour in our rough, unpleasant transit. It conveys about forty passengers, most of whom are officials connected with the island; while a few, like myself, have obtained a special government permit, without which no outsider is allowed to disembark. Our freight comprises twenty sheep cruelly tied up by the legs and as cruelly piled on each other, some bundles of forage, and a medley of articles, such as soap for the lepers, letters for the lunatics, and coffee for the convicts. The surpassingly lovely view of Table Mountain fades from our gaze, and we turn to behold suddenly the island of desolation about three miles in diameter, low and flat, sad and sandy, with scarcely a vestige of vegetation, save patches of coarse, unlovely grass. The Cape government has declined to incur the expense of the simplest jetty, and the shallow roadstead forbids the close approach of the tug. So we transfer ourselves first to a small boat which dances crankily through the surf, and then "pick-a-back" to the shoulders of the grey-clothed convicts, who wade thigh-deep into the water, and thus convey us to the seaside capital of the domain. We stare around at the scene; its aspect can scarcely be otherwise than strangely weird when we consider the nature of its population, consisting, approximately, of one hundred and thirty lepers, two hundred and thirty lunatics, thirty convicts, and one hundred and sixty police and ward-masters with their families — making a total of about five hundred and fifty.

The buildings comprise about twenty low, tumble-down-looking tenements, plus the mean-looking government establishments. A small knot of downcast, ragged individuals are watching with languid interest our disembarkation; there needs little enlightenment to inform us that they are harmless lunatics. But those strange objects crouching on the ground, if possible still more forlorn, silent, motionless, who are they? I scan them more closely — they are lepers, — horrible! I am not

yet steeled to such a sight, and I hurry away to find the doctor, who will impart to me the information I seek, and will give me authority to visit the wards. Here let me explain that I conducted my investigations on more than one occasion, but for simplicity's sake I will describe my experience in the form of a single visit.

There are two resident doctors, the senior of whom is governor, and is rightly intrusted with an authority over the island and its inhabitants compared with which the power of the czar is of a restricted nature, save in one respect — he is tied down hand and foot by the parsimony of the colonial officials. On these latter be the shame of the shortcomings respecting the welfare of the miserable inhabitants. One of them undertakes to cicerone me over the leper establishment. On our way we examine the tiny church — perhaps almost the only thoroughly pleasing object in the island, inasmuch as it is trim without and reverently pretty within. Here service is held on Sundays, at which members of all creeds attend — Protestants, Roman Catholics, Mohammedans, and Jews; a community of suffering seems to make their whole world kin. Only the lepers have their hour, and the lunatics and convicts their hour, respectively — for there must be no risk of the contagion which might be feared by indiscriminate juxtaposition in a small, close, hot building. It has been proposed to throw out a small bow-room to one of the aisles, screened off with glass, so that the lepers might join in the common worship without risk to the rest of the congregation. But no; this is negatived because it would cost a small, a very small sum. Next we enter one of the wards occupied by a race which is partly Hottentot and partly Malay, with an infusion of white blood. Few are actually in bed — most are in a semi-recumbent position on their beds, or are crouched about the floor. There is no murmuring of small-talk, no mutterings of suffering, and the unbroken silence is almost oppressive. The doctor takes me from patient to patient, diagnosing the typical cases for my benefit. This young Hottentot is an instance of tubercular leprosy in its incipient stage. It has some affinity with ordinary consumption, and commences with internal tubercles, which in course of time manifest themselves externally on the face, head, and arms, but never in any other part of the body. Look at that slight, apparently insignificant, swelling of the lobes of the ears. It is the first invariable and never-deceiving

symptom. By-and-by slight enlargements will appear over his frontal bones, close to the eyebrows. There does not seem to be much amiss with this lad, whose apparent sturdiness and twenty-one years veil his lurking malady; but watch the development of the disease in this next patient, who is some four or five years older. Observe the regular wens over the eyebrows; his ear-lobes have now become pendulous; neck and head are puffy; his face is shiny, and is ruckled with high ridges and low furrows; and in fact the original contour of his features is being gradually merged into a formless, forbidding mass. No. 3 patient represents the "last scene of all that ends this strange and terrible history." Probably he is not much over thirty, but his malady has reached even his arms, which are pulpy and inflated, and the skin resembles the rough rind of a boiled orange. His ear-lobes are dangling down in grotesque lumps; huge knobs are disposed about his cheeks; his nostrils are swollen monstrously; the nape of his neck is scarcely to be distinguished; and shocking, shocking beyond my powers of description, is a gigantic excrescence on the side of his head, which has disfigured him almost beyond recognition as a human being. His eyes are directed towards us with an expressionless fixity, his body is motionless, his whole being seems utterly torpid, he looks as though he were but half alive — would indeed that he were wholly dead!

"Frightful and fatal as are these types, they do not correspond to the traditional ideas of leprosy," I remark to the doctor. "Where are the Miriams, the Naamans, and the Gehazis, lepers as white as snow?"

"That is the Eastern form, and does not exist here," is the answer. "Our two classes are the tubercular, which you have just seen, and which has some affinity with elephantiasis or leontiasis; and the anæsthetic, which I will now show you. Anæsthetic leprosy consists not in the dropping off of the bones, as most doctors assert, but in their absorption."

My cicerone then explains that the joints are attacked, open, and waste away. Then the connecting cartilage wastes away likewise; but there is no mortification, merely a slight exudation of lymph at the fingers or the toes, for the seat of the disease is strictly confined to the upper and lower extremities. Thus the bones become shortened, drawn up almost to a vanishing-point. The malady proceeds, as it were, by leaps — fingers, wrist, el-

bow, and humerus. Strangely enough, the nails are leprous-proof; and thus one may see a patient apparently with only half an arm, from the stump of which five perfect finger-nails project. Here is an anæsthetic case in its incipient stage; he has lost the power of completely extending his fingers, the first and never-failing symptom, due to the tendons connecting the joints having become wasted away. Otherwise the patient looks well enough, fairly well nourished, and of a fairly good aspect, were it not for a sombre cloud indicating probably his horror at what he knows to be his inevitable future. No. 2 case, however, inspires one with startled dismay. Little more than a child of apparently twelve or thirteen years old — for the anæsthetic form seems to be singularly indiscriminate in assailing youth and old age — his smooth, tender body, unscarred by spot or eruption, forms a pitiable contrast to his legs, the ankles and tibia whereof are withered and shrunk up towards his knees, and have dwindled away almost to dry twigs. Though the thigh-bone has not yet, as far as we can see, been actively attacked, the flesh around it is unnaturally spare, and he looks poorly nourished. His fingers are half clenched; he moves about with difficulty; listless and silent; young in years but old in suffering, without one trace of childhood's bright vivacity, this boy-leper seemed to me the most pitiable object in the whole pitiable establishment. Not that he had by any means reached the acme of anæsthetic disease represented in this next patient, an aged man, looking far older than his years, in contrast to the boy. He is quite helpless and in bed, but the doctor uncovers him sufficiently to show the ravages. Legs, or rather what remains of them, drawn up, and their extremities resembling round rulers. Arms in a far worse condition — they are now scarcely longer than from an ordinary shoulder to elbow-distance; in fact, they are perfectly useless, shapeless stumps, with rudimentary fingers but perfect finger-nails projecting from a small knob at the base of the stump, which once represented a hand. Truly here is absorption of a man's whole corporeal being; his very collar bones and shoulder-blades seem to be in process of rapid diminution; he is undergoing a living death, and that "the beautiful angel Death" may be quickly sent to him is the most merciful prayer which can be breathed.

What is the average duration of leprosy ere it prove fatal to life? No average can

be stated, so capricious and variable is its nature, and the more or less ferocity with which it attacks the victim. He may die in a year or two, and again we have cases here of ten years' duration. Indeed there is an instance on record of thirty years' malady. Much depends on age and constitution. There is no increased liability to the development of the lurking disease either by reason of youth or advanced years. Indeed it is exceedingly difficult to trace the first cause, though undoubtedly heredity is the most frequent origin.

"That it is contagious," stated one of the doctors, "I have not a shadow of a doubt. That is to say, the long and constant and close association of a healthy person with lepers would unquestionably result in his contracting the disease, especially if any abrasion on the surface of the body were to come into contact with leprosy lymph. I have often had cases confirming the above opinion."

"Then how is it you yourself are free?"

"Because though I am with them frequently, I am not incessantly associated with them, day and night; and of course I possess many sanitary advantages impracticable for the lepers themselves; above all, I never relax the most scrupulous precautions—for example, carefully guarding my hands, and after dealing with a patient washing them with carbolic soap—not in a basin of water, but under a tap, so that the force of the stream may carry away the contagious poison. As for the attendants on the sick, they are invariably taken from other patients who are in an elementary stage."

One of the strangest features of the disease seemed to be the fact that it was not accompanied by any acute pain—indeed, that actual bodily suffering, great or small, was absent.

I ask a patient, "Do you suffer at all—and you—and you?" They all shake their heads, yet mournfully. "No, we have no pain. Only we are always dreadfully hungry and cold." What an unspeakable relief that there is an absence of bodily anguish!—yet wait a little and hear what the doctor says. "This insensibility to suffering, however, constitutes both a difficulty and an evil. For example, a leper's bone becomes bruised, crushed, or otherwise injured, because his sensations give him no warning of impending danger. The stump of his arm may come into contact with the fire, or his leg-bone may be pressed against a red-hot plate. Yet at the time he will not be aware of the fact.

He is past feeling." Past feeling!—what a miserable degradation, bodily or indeed mentally! It almost seems better that a human being should be writhing under the bitterness of the utmost pain rather than that he should be in a condition of "past feeling."

The doctor assures me it is quite true that their hunger is insatiable, and prompts them to consume any amount of oil or fat of which they can get hold. The rations are unquestionably most liberal, consisting of $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. meat, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of bread per patient daily, and other provisions in proportion. No alcoholic drink is issued to a single patient in the island, except in the shape of medical comforts, and this allowance is very sparing.

By this time my head has received all the information which, comparing it to a sponge, it is capable of absorbing at a single administration; so I aid the process of condensation by a trudge over the flat, desolate island, gun in hand, and accompanied by a lunatic of a melancholy type of aberration. Nevertheless he brightens at a successful shot, and swears loudly and abusively at failures. Quail are astonishingly abundant, and there are several partridges, rabbits, and huge, vile, but non-poisonous snakes. I notice a dreary, solitary building, constituting the female leper hospital; but for the purposes of this paper, I need not incur the pain of visiting our afflicted sisters in the humiliation of their malady. After my shooting-walk my mind seems again receptive, and I once more make my way to the leper wards, this time unaccompanied. I had received distinct permission, so there is no impropriety in my investigating on my own account, and reporting the result. The result is eminently unfavorable. If any persons in England care to read what I am writing, and if thereby there be effected any alleviation in the woes of a company of most miserable human beings, my satisfaction will indeed be great.

I enter a square, dirty, dismal courtyard, two sides of which are bordered with wards, one of which I enter and ask for a head leper attendant. A sleeper is aroused from his bed; he is fearfully swollen with tubercular leprosy, and though fairly intelligent, it is some time ere I can make him understand my object, for casual visitors are rare indeed. Meanwhile the leper patients, some in bed, some sitting in various parts of the ward, who, with dull apathy, had almost ignored the entrance of a stranger, evince a gleam of

languid curiosity. They listen to my inquiries; first one and then another puts in a rejoinder, and by degrees the conversation becomes — what! — not bright or brisk, but monotonously continuous, like the tolling of a funeral bell. I must, however, say that they gave no sort of utterance to anything like a detail of grievances.

"How long have you been ill?" — my experience is that the words "leprosy" and "lunacy" are by common consent tabooed. "A year" or "two years," or "four years," as the case may be; "but I am a little better now," they fondly try to persuade themselves.

"Have you any games?" A shake of the head.

"Any newspapers or books?" Fresh negatives. "There is a library, but we have little benefit from it, and we have no newspapers."

"Shall I send you some?" and for the first time there is a trace of animation in their reply.

"Oh, do — oh, pray do! Send us anything to read, either in Dutch or English. Send us even tracts. Address them to — Stop; we will get you a piece of paper that you may write it down, lest you should forget."

Then I make a tour of the ward. It is of fair though not excellent construction, but so bare and dark, and oh, so sad! Bare utility, moderate cleanliness, but not a vestige of gracious enlivenment, of kindly solicitude, or of effort to provide minor comforts for the sufferers. Not even a book, a newspaper, a picture, or an ornament. No wonder I am once more struck with the oppressive silence, with the torpor of their gloomy despair. Yet this is manifestly one of the best wards. I wish to see also the worst, and yonder two crazy buildings promise to correspond to my requirements. Yes, I find human ingenuity could surely scarcely contrive anything more vile and discreditable. Decrepit outside, ruinous within, deficient in the commonest furniture and fittings, fourteen beds are crowded into a totally insufficient space, the miserable rickety bedsteads mere masses of foul rags, and fouler mattresses, on which are stretched patients in the most advanced, helpless stages of the disease, unprovided, so far as I could discover, with ordinary hospital appliances. The atmosphere is only partially fetid by reason of the open door. There is a kind of gipsy fireplace in which a few sticks crackle, and over which some of the lepers are crouching; nay, the very ground is destitute of boards, and consists of bare

earth trampled into hollows, over which, as the doctor stated, numbers of large loathsome snakes crawl at night in search of mice. Is this disgraceful cabin a Cape government hospital, or is it a lazar-house which even the pariahs of the East would scorn to inhabit? I inspected two of these buildings, and, to judge from what I saw and heard, there must be several more. I tried to question the inmates; most of them are too near the threshold of death to answer my inquiries intelligently. The majority are half-breeds — in fact I did not see any pure-bred whites — by no means of a high type, not speaking English very glibly; and though they respond with a faint show of satisfaction to the few sentences in Dutch which I can muster, the conversation is very one-sided, so I quit the sickening sight and set to work to question two leper head-attendants. Only by degrees do they become communicative, and then I gather from them various items of information, which are chiefly valuable because I corroborate them by other circumstantial evidence. The whole gravamen of the indictment against those who are responsible for the assignment of funds for the administration of the Cape Government Leper Establishment, is, I conceive, parsimony and indifference; and I gather that the very inhabitants of Cape Town admit and are ashamed of this neglect.

These lepers, through no fault of their own, are cut off from friends and relations, and from all which renders life dear; they are virtually incarcerated in this terrible isle. Is it too much to require that the bitterness of their lot should be alleviated, so far as is practicable, by at least a moderate expenditure of money and labor? At all events, let the foul wards I have described be instantly demolished. Look at their clothing even — of discreditable quality in the first instance, and quickly worn to mere tatters. Where are the ample washhouses which here, above all places, should be a *sine qua non*? where the well-ordered kitchens, the library, and the reading-room? where the airy, clean, cheerful wards, made brighter with some attempt at gardens, or at least with a neatly kept enclosure; where the resources of such employment and amusement as these unhappy outcasts may be susceptible of? where, above all, that solicitude, tenderness, and consolation which would render it less hard for them to die?

I admit that there are two resident clergymen. I repeat, the doctors cannot en-

force a scale of expenditure sufficient to meet requirements. For instance, the lepers seem prone to excessive filthiness. Is this checked by ample facilities for ablution! Not a bit of it; the patients must needs mop their poor diseased bodies out of buckets by their bedsides. I saw the process, and a very disgusting sight it was.

Said one of the leper attendants to me ere we parted, in broken sentences, which may thus be condensed: "Have you come over here to find out something about us? If so, will you not write something in the newspapers explaining how miserable we are? We have nobody to speak for us. I am scarcely at all ill, yet I am compelled to remain here. My wife and children are on the mainland. I have not seen them for years. Indeed I am unhappy—ah, so unhappy!" and his voice quivered as he clenched his hands in all the despair and abandonment of woe. With some reluctance, I own, and with a glance to ascertain that there were no abrasions on my own skin, I shook hands with this leper on bidding him adieu, partly to see if this sign of friendliness would have any effect on him. He appeared much surprised and softened. I am told—and perhaps the statement is true—that these lepers are habitually ungrateful and uninteresting. Be it so.

Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.

I am not concerned with the question of gratitude or interest. I only endeavor to point out the duty of the State to help those who are unable to help themselves.

The bell is ringing for the departure of the tug. I jump on the back of a sturdy jovial convict, who carries me through the surf to the boat. The most appropriate reflections on quitting this horrible island would surely be, "All ye who enter here, abandon hope;" and "Wanted, a second Father Damien."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A REAL WORKING MAN.

It is a common complaint against the country-folk of the present day that they are not satisfied with their lot in life—that they leave their pleasant rural homes for our already overcrowded towns, there to make the terrible struggle for existence more terrible still, and to be sucked too often into the whirlpool of degradation, misery, and helpless despair.

Now we who live in the country do not deny that such an exodus is taking place, nor do we deny that it is often productive of much mischief both in town and country. But we see—and we should like other people to see—that there is another side to the question.

No doubt the condition of the agricultural laborer varies considerably according to the county in which he finds himself. I have not studied his lot with any minuteness except in one of our eastern counties, and there, I am willing to admit, it may be rather specially hard. Still, it is just in these purely agricultural counties that we can best see what attractions the life of an agricultural laborer really offers; and it is partly to give what information I can upon this question, partly to claim some sympathy for the poor agricultural laborer and his wife, that this paper has been written.

Will you hear the homely tale of a laborer and his family, as told by his wife to one who has known her now for eight years, and has taken pains to verify her statements, lest the instinctive love for a telling story, which is to be found among poor and rich alike, might lead her to color them? Conscious deceit I could not suspect her of; she tells you without reserve of all that has been done for her by others—and that is a test of honesty and straight-dealing which very few, either in town or country, can stand. She is but forty-one now—a worn and yet cheery-faced little woman, though the tears are very near the surface—with a stout heart, a strong love for her family, and a patience which seldom, if ever, deserts her. Her husband is a very steady and "wonderful still" man. It is only by little things said here and there that you will learn from him, and from the majority of his class, men and women alike, the state of their affairs. But she—it is evidently a blessed relief to her to pour her simple tale into sympathetic ears. Guiltless of any fears that she may be taking up your precious time, of any apprehensions that she may be repeating tales which you have heard once, twice, half-a-dozen times already, she will hurry on in an uninterrupted flow of words, the tears now and then rolling down her cheeks, but never quite chasing away the smiles which are almost as ready to come as the tears; and when at last she has done, she will wipe her eyes with her apron, thank you warmly for your visit, and turn to her work with an evidently lightened heart. Truly a half-hour well spent, if your pa-

tient listening has done no more than lift for a few hours the weight of care from that poor, burdened creature. Others there are who cannot talk or even weep over their hardships and worries as she can—still less, think or speak of the shifts to which they are put with the humorous, almost merry smile which will now and then flit across her face as she chats to you. Perhaps they, in their inarticulate trouble, are even more to be pitied than she.

But let us hear her tale, which shall be as nearly as possible in her own words—the very words she used to me as we sat together not long ago in her bare, brick-floored room—I in her tidiest chair, she on her favorite three-legged stool with her baby, a tiny, “tuly” little thing, at her breast.

“Just tell me, Mrs. Allen, exactly what you have to manage with, and how you make it last out,” I said, instead of letting her run on in her usual promiscuous way; and then the long tale came out with a rush.

“Well, miss, I’ll tell you jus’ as near ’s ever I can. There’s John—he don’t get but nine shill’n’s a week now, being as it’s winter-time, but in summer like he’ll get ten shill’n’s; and then there’s harvest—he count upon takin’ pretty near seven pounds then, and the money’s jus’ the same whether harvest last four weeks, or whether that last eight. That’s all *his* arnin’s; and he don’t get the chance to make no overtime. Then there’s Jimmy—he’s getting a big booy now, fifteen come his birthday. He arn half-a-crown a week, and sixpence on Sunday, when he goo the whole day. They ’on’t let Oliver go to work till come next Michaelmas, so he can’t arn nothin’; but Laura, she do a bit o’ straw plait, and we reckon she can make fivepence clear in the week, when the man’ll take it. You know, miss, she ain’t like other girls, bein’ as her back’s not straight, and her health fare that bad; so we can’t look for her to goo to sarvice—I’ve said times and times I’d be glad if she could. My little Annie’s a fierce un [strong and lively], and I’ll warrant *she’ll* goo as soon as ever she can.”

“Then that is all you have to look to? Nine shillings a week for four or five months in the year; ten shillings for the rest; your husband’s harvest; your little boy’s half-a-crown a week, and Laura’s fivepence for straw-plaiting. Now tell me how you lay it out.”

“Well, miss, there’s rent, and that’s a shill’n’. Master stop that out o’ John’s

money every week, let him arn what he ’ull. And then there’s bread. And we can’t do with less than five pecks of flour a week, and that’s eight shill’n’s and three ha’pence. And then there’s a pound of salt—a ha’penny; and the yeast threepence. Then I mostly buy a quarter o’ butter—that’s threepence; and three pound o’ sugar—that’s fourpence ha’penny; and two ounces o’ tea, and that’s threepence, and I make spare o’ that for the week. And we must have soap and soda—two pence for soap, and a ha’penny for soda. I forced to wash twice a week, ’cause I never could get enough doddy clothes to keep the little ’uns clean all through the week, and that run away with a lot o’ firin’. I can’t reckon the firin’ less than a shillin’ a week, take the winter round; for coal’s eighteen pence a hundred, and there’s wood to buy as well. And we must have a fire; don’t,* we should be perished o’ cowl. Then there’s oil, twopence a quart, and the quart last a week. Then there’s sixpence for John’s ’baccy. Beer he can’t have—’cept a half-pint a chance time; but he do suffer so with the misery in his head, and he can’t get riddy of it a’tout his pipe—he say that fare to do him good more than anythin’. He’d goo a’tout most anythin’ afore he’d goo a’tout his ’baccy. Well, then there’s his club—that’s eightpence a month; and Jimmy’s club—that’s sixpence, but that’ll be a shill’n’ afore long now; and schooling, fo’pence a week; and my clothin’-club, a penny.”

I have been jotting down the items, as she tells me all this, and the result of my calculations is decidedly appalling.

“Why, the expenses you have told me of already are actually more than the money you earn!” I exclaim. “And you have allowed but one penny a week for clothes, nothing for boots, nothing for cheese, meat, or milk! There must surely be some mistake.”

“No, no, miss, there ain’t no mistake,” she answers sadly, “’cept that you’ve taken the hardest time of all. And yet it ain’t the hardest time of all, for we’ve reckoned as if he’d always got his full wages, and taken no heed o’ wet days, or times when master sends him home ’cause there ain’t no work. No, miss, there ain’t

* We East Anglians are much given to using this simple ellipsis, and its counterpart “Do,” where others would employ the more cumbersome “If that is (or is not) the case.” As, for instance, “I suppose they haven’t begun harvesting in your part of the world yet?” “Why, no, no. Do, I don’t know it.” Or: “Have you got a broody hen for that setting of eggs? Don’t, I can lend you my.”

no mistake; but you see, miss, we're forced to run into debt for flour and such-like in the winter; we can't help it no-how. Mrs. Smith, at the shop, she's wonderful good to trust me; she'll never let me want for bread. The winter afore last, I owed her for 'most three sacks o' flour at once; but she knew I'd always send her su'thin' by one o' the children when John took his money on Saturdays. You see, miss, I look to the harvest-money to get us straight again; and the boot-bill has to run till then—it comes to 'twixt two pound ten and three pound, do what I 'ull. The children make a hand of a proper lot of boots; they midder paths—let alone the road—are so wonderful sluddy. And you see there's so many of 'em, miss—Laura, and Jimmy, and Oliver, and Freddy, and Annie, and Georgie, and Elijah—and now there's the baby—I shall ha' to shoe her to-year."

"But what about cheese, and meat, and milk?" I ask again.

"I don't never buy no cheese, miss; I can't forspare the money for it. And I haven't bought a chice o' meat—fat pork nor nothin'—since last harvest-time. And milk—we don't drink no milk, 'cept a chance time—same as the other day, Olly arned a ha'penny, carryin' the young girl Bush's boots to be mended, and I said to him, 'Booy,' I say, 'have some milk o' that ha'penny,' and he say, 'Mother, I want a ball.' I said, 'Booy, you had a ball afore, and you lost it. Do you have some milk.' He's a good booy to give me what he get, so he goes to the farm and gets a pint o' fleet milk, and we has some in we tea, and the children *was* pleased."

I sit and think a little while. A family of ten—and the weekly expenses such as I have given above. No meat, no cheese, no milk or beer (except "chance times"), one-quarter of a pound of butter, and two ounces of tea! Nothing but this, except dry bread, and the produce of the slip of garden ground—which, as I know, supplies them with potatoes, onions, and greens, a most valuable addition, no doubt, but even then—

"Do the children complain about their food?" I ask next.

"Well, miss, they're wonderful hearty children, and wonderful contented. Jimmy, he take bread and sugar for his dinner; but the others scarce ever carry anythin' but dry bread to school. John, he take bread too; and when they all come home, I mostly boil 'em some potatoes, and make a mite o' toast for John, and he soak that

in his tea. And then I keep the tea-leaves over night; and when we get up in the morning, I put a little hot water over 'em, and that's somethin' hot for the children afore they start for school" (a two-mile walk), "and if I've a chice o' sugar left to put in, that just please 'em. Well, I've got a good spirit, and 'tain't often as I complain, and I often feel thankful that we've got bread to eat. But we can't *always* feel thankful; and last winter I suffered terrible with the misery in my head—just in the noddle o' the neck it fared to lay. I had it all one week. And there was dry bread for breakfast, and dry bread for dinner, and dry bread for tea, and dry bread for breakfast next day, and bread for dinner; and when there was bread again for tea, I jus' as if I couldn't help it, and I sat down and cried. And I said to Laura, 'Gal,' I say, 'it do seem hard. There, I've been the mother of nine children, and to have nothin' but dry bread to take to!' Bread don't seem to be *always* what you want. It don't seem to give you strength like."

"But John can't do his harvest on bread?" I ask.

"Well, miss, I don't rightly know how he do do it. All last harvest, he had nothin' but bread and a drop of beer; he keep reducin' and reducin' on account of his family. I often used to feel grieved for him when I sent him out in the mornin' with nothin' but dry puffs; and he'd say sometimes, 'I don't know,' he say, 'I feel as if I should like somethin' better than bread sometimes. I see the other min have meat pudden, or little bits o' meat dumplin', and I never have nothin'.' And as I sot here, I could hear 'em next door a-fryin' bits o' meat (my nybour—she's only herself and the man to keep, you know, miss), and I often cried 'cause I felt so grieved for John. And he say to me sometimes, he say, 'Gal,' he say, 'you never let me have a ha'penny. I'm bound just as if I was a wukhus child.' I say, 'Never mind; we must be thankful as we've got bread for us and the children; and happen things 'll be better.' He's a good father, John is; there never was a better. He'll goo a'thout any one thing to let his children have it. If there's ever such a little mite o' butter, he 'on't eat it—he say, 'Let the little uns have it.'"

No need to say anything about herself; love and thoughtfulness for her children beam in her face, as she talks to you of them and of the countless shifts to

which she is put to get them what they need. True, the prospect of an addition to their family is one which brings tears to her eyes whenever she speaks of it. I remember one day she came to our door to ask if we had an old dress for Laura (the rarest thing, for she is no beggar); and after telling me how the child's frock was "wholly to pieces," and she did so want to go to the concert the young ladies had promised her a ticket for, the poor mother broke down.

"I can't see as I can get her a dress nohow. There's eight on 'em, you see, and I'm halfway through my time to the next. O dear! O dear! I think sometimes whatever shall I do!" — and her spirit giving way for once, she broke into bitter sobs.

But when the children come, she loves them dearly, and I believe she would echo the answer which another woman, the mother of ten children, made to my remark that the last new baby seemed to be as much "made of" as any of its brothers and sisters had been, "Well, miss, I ought to be 'shamed to say so, p'rhaps; but to my thinking, I love each one of 'em better than the last." John himself comes in for a large share of his wife's warm heart, as is evident from the way she talks of him; and in his case, as in the children's, her love seems to have grown with the years. She tells you, smiling, "When I had him, I didn't care for he. But he always did drive such a trade about me — he jus' as if he 'ouldn't gi' me no peace till I had him."

Sometimes I have thought that the poverty and hardships of married life among the poor drive away the love that was once warm in the hearts of husband and wife, and that it only returns again when the children have gone out into the world, and the old couple are once more left to themselves. But perhaps it is not so much troubles as troubles taken badly which destroy love — selfish ways, repinings, and mutual upbraidings. Anyhow, it is clear that this husband and wife have gained, not lost, in tenderness, as the long hard years have rolled over their heads; perhaps their troubles have even drawn them closer together than they would ever have come without.

But the mention of Laura's dress reminds me that we have not yet allowed anything but a penny a week for clothes. I know that there is still one source of income — an occasional one — which has not yet been mentioned in our talk; and

so I go on to ask her a few questions about "broad-work" — called so, presumably, because it is done abroad — in the fields. I may briefly state that there are five kinds of broad-work — stone-picking, carlicking (*i.e.*, charlock-pulling), mangel-pulling, pea-picking, and gleaning — which is of course its own reward. The other four kinds are paid for — at a very low rate. Stone-picking the women reckon the hardest work of all; it begins very early in the year, when the heavy land is "dreening wet," and the clay so "plucky" that the poor stone-pickers' boots soon become twice their natural size and weight. The constant stooping, and the ever-increasing weight of the bag of stones round the waist, are so back-breaking, that some of the women, eager though they are to earn a chance penny, find it too much for them to attempt. They are paid five farthings a bushel; and by working hard all day long one might perhaps pick six bushels, thus earning seven pence half-penny. Carlicking and mangel-pulling, as women's work, seem to be dying out; but pea-picking is on the increase. A woman might possibly get three weeks' pea-picking, if she were able to walk long distances to reach the different pea-fields; but ten days would probably be as much as most women, with houses and families to see to, could secure. Then, if they work twelve hours, beginning at three in the morning, they can earn ninepence a day; but here again it is obvious that a poor woman with a family can seldom be absent from home for the twelve hours' work and the walk both ways, even if her strength would hold her out. That they make gallant efforts to do as much as they can in this way, however, Mrs. Allen's tale will show. You will forgive its homeliness, I know; to cut out bits here and there would be to rob it of its simplicity and truth — or so, at least, I fancy.

"Well, miss, the clothes are a proper oneasiness to me, and I couldn't get them nohow if it warn't for the broad-work. There was last year I went stone-picking to get the booy's shuts; and then I did count on gettin' myself a new shimmy, for my was wholly rent to pieces, but then there's four o' the booy's, and Annie, she forced to have two shimmys, and so — well, I don't know, I never got it, and I don't know when I shall. So I did my stone-picking as well as I could; but it was terrible lugsome work; and I made the children pick a few in the evenings, and on Saturdays; and I had a two-three

days' carlicking. And then there come the pea-picking. But I couldn't lay *that* money out on clothes, for I forced to make spare on't for what I knew I should want when the baby come. But oh! I didn't know how to goo. There warn't no peas to pick just round here; and the fields were such a wonderful way off that master he carried some o' the women in a tumbrel; but I couldn't stand the jounce, and so I forced to walk. And there was one day I got up 'twixt two and three, and I said to John, 'I don't know how ever I shall goo.' And he say, 'Lie down,' he say, 'lie down. You ain't fit to goo!' And I say, 'But whatever shall we do? There's two-and-six for the woman to tend me, and there's a shill'n' for liquor, and I must have that, and then there's some sheets I must have, and we ain't got a blanket—and whatever shall we do if I have them cold chills? And *you* ain't got the money to pay.' 'Gal,' he say, 'I han't.' So I got up, and I made myself a cup o' tea; and I took Olly with me, and he carried a stool for me to sit on. I know he's been a wonderful owdacious booy at school, miss, and it's been a great oneasiness to me and John. John's tow'd him a plenty times he'd have to chine him up [a threat of which I have never learnt the precise meaning], and he's often hot him over the head when the other booy come home and said how Olly fit [fought] the little booy Plum up strit [in the village street]. But he's better than any o' the children to do things for me. Well, we had to go right through B—, and 'most two mile fudder. Olly was a good booy, and he pulled the rice [pea-plants], and I sat and stripped the peas. But oh! the sun had such a power, and when we'd finished, we set off to goo home, and I jus' as if I couldn't goo a step fudder. I don't know how ever I did get home; and when I got into the house, I couldn't sit and I couldn't stand, and I couldn't get up-stairs nohow, so I just lay down on the bricks to rest myself a bit. And presently Laura came in, and she was wholly scared to see me, and she said, 'Mother, whatever is the matter?' And I said, 'Gal, I'm reg'lar beat out.'

Three days later the baby was born. What wonder if it is a tiny, blue, wizen-faced little thing, so shrunk and old-looking that one day, when I saw it lying on her lap, I really thought it was dead? It seems to be gradually picking up, however, and is much thought of by the children, though perhaps it will never be such a pet

as the bigger baby, Elijah, whom, as Mrs. Allen tells me, they all "think a wonderful lot of, because you know, miss, I lost my little dear child, King, the one who come just afore him, and we jus' as if we couldn't do enough for Elijah."

I could go on to tell many more of her simple tales,—as, for instance, how Jimmy was given a half-crown by his master "for keeping the ship [sheep] well through the harvest," that he might go to the nearest town for the day with it, and how he spent a shilling of the money there in buying a cap for his father, "to keep his head hot on coarse days." Or, again, how the father's heart fails him sometimes, when he comes home at night, and hears the children—light-hearted as usual—exclaim, "Father, my owd boot's bust out again!" As his wife proudly says, he never "mobs" or "tongue-bangs" his children; but he cannot always refrain from exclaiming, "Booys, I b'lieve you tears they boots out o' puppose!" However, he resigns himself to his fate, sends out for "a penn'orth o' tipnails" and some "hob-irons," and sets to work to nail on afresh the tips and heels of the ragged old boots.

Enough, however, has been told to give you some idea of the hard-working, hard-faring life of this man, to bring before you the noble, pathetic figure of this woman—noble, in spite of homeliness, uncouthness of speech, rags, and squalor,—pathetic, in its terrible lack of the comforts that we think necessary to make life even tolerable,—pathetic most of all in its utter powerlessness to relieve the many wants of husband and children. A woman's love for her cup of tea is proverbial; she is accustomed to think of that as a simple necessary of life, without which she could hardly exist, much less do hard work. Think of the *two ounces* of tea which has to last out the week—as the only drink, remember—in this family of nine; and the heart of every woman amongst us must surely ache with pity as we picture this poor woman sitting down day after day to a cup of colored water, unsoftened even by milk, and sweetened with sugar, nearer black than brown, at three halfpence per pound! And yet I believe that Mrs. Allen would rather claim your pity for the distress which sometimes overcomes her as she thinks of her husband—that "good, still man"—working day after day in the broiling sun (and the sun and the work together are a severe tax upon the strength of the best-fed la-

borer in our harvest-fields), with nothing to "take to" but dry bread, and a little weak home-brewed beer. "Bound like a wukhus child"—yes, she knows he is, and all her labors, all her privations, cannot loose him; there, I believe, is the most poignant grief of all. What must have been her feelings when, as happened the winter before last, the fiat went forth that for a month or two there would be only four days' work—ah! and four days' pay—for all the men who worked on those farms, must be left to my readers' imagination.

I have, no doubt, chosen a somewhat exceptional case, for all laborers are not—shall I say blessed?—with so large a family; and but for the fact that the eldest girl is physically unfit, she ought of course to be at least supporting herself by this time. But I could point out many other families in the same parish where there are from six to nine children. One qualification for the Christmas gift of coal is five children under thirteen or four under ten, and many have been the families who could claim it under this head. Fancy having to house, feed, and clothe the father and mother, and four, or even three, little ones who cannot earn a penny for themselves, with wages ten shillings a week; and if you do not give up the problem in despair, it will only be because you have seen the thing done—or, shall we say, attempted?—in cottages such as I was in only the other day, where there were six little ones under nine.

Can you wonder if some of our young men do not exactly relish the prospect of leading the life which their fathers have led, with no prospect before them but the workhouse (for how can they save on wages such as these?)—if they try whether better luck may not befall them in our crowded cities? True, their want of prudence, their early marriages, their neglect to save when they are earning men's wages and as yet have only themselves to keep, have something to do with the poverty which will pinch them so sorely in later life if they settle down in the country; but with wages ten shillings

a week, when would it be safe—when would it be prudent—for a man to marry? Weak human nature wants to see a chance of safety before it will condescend to prudence; and where is that chance for an agricultural laborer?

Whether we may look for a brighter day to dawn—in what direction we may turn for help—must be left to wiser heads than mine. Perhaps the agricultural interest has sunk to its lowest; perhaps things will begin to look up again, and the old order may yet bring moderate comfort and contentment to our cottage homes. Or perhaps, on the other hand, great changes will have to be slowly made; perhaps, as I incline to believe, the salvation of the laborer is to be found in the gradual transference to him of part of the land on which he works, so that each, if he desires and proves worthy of it, may have something to hope for, something to work for—finally, something to call his own. If this be so, we may hope that the present distress is temporary only, and may do what we can to give temporary relief. These poor people must suffer—there is no effectual help for it; for all things connected with the land are at a very low ebb. Both landlords and farmers are hampered by their losses; gentlemen's houses are shut up; parish after parish which I could name has no gentleman's family in it but the clergyman's. In many cases the great reduction in his tithe has brought him also into hard and bitter straits, so that he, his people's only friend, cannot do to help them what he would; though indeed I believe, and know, that the records of many a quiet country parson's life would tell of many a sacrifice, many a burden, many an anxiety as to his own ways and means, willingly and cheerfully borne for the sake of the flock whom he cannot desert in bodily, any more than in spiritual need. For him and for his people I claim some of the sympathy which is so readily accorded to the suffering poor of London—which will be accorded to their country brethren, I am confident, when once their hardships, their patience, and their heroism have been made known.

A MISSION TO MONTE CARLO.—An unlooked-for result has followed the refusal of the Bishop of Gibraltar to consecrate an English church for Monte Carlo. A proposal is now made, and is likely to be adopted, to found a community of English clergymen in that favored resort of fashionable gamblers.

Of course the bishop's consent will be obtained, and the plan will resemble that of the Oxford Mission to Calcutta, the object being to establish a source of private religious influence. Two or three clerics are expected to take up residence in November.

Daily Telegraph.

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